The Rambler,

A JOURNAL OF

HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, POLITICS, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 9. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1848. PRICE 4*d*. *Stamped Edition*, 5*d*.

Contents.

	PAGE
THE GREAT MISTAKE OF THE MINISTRY	153
PIUS THE NINTH: HIS CHARACTER AND HIS POSITION	154
A DISPUTE ABOUT MUSIC	157
THE PRESENT STATE OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA	158
LATIN POETRY: Epitaph on Dr. Buckland	161
REVIEWS: Life of Mrs. Fry	161
Mügge's Switzerland	164
Monumental Brasses	166
Taylor's Eve of the Conquest	166
English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds	168
A brief Inquiry into the Causes of the National Difficulties, &c.	170
The Gospel in advance of the Age	170
The Stranger's Guide at High Mass	170
Strictures on Granta	170
FINE ARTS: Hendrie's Translation of Theophilus	171
DOCUMENTS: Proclamation of the Pope	172
The Neapolitan Constitution	172
Pastoral of the Vicars Apostolic	174
MISCELLANIES: Lord Morpeth on the Cost of Sanitary Neglect—Important Post-Office Regulation for the Conveyance of Books—The Income-Tax—Decayed Condition of Henry the Seventh's Chapel	174
TO CORRESPONDENTS: Σ	175

THE GREAT MISTAKE OF THE MINISTRY.

WE deeply lament the step the Ministry have taken to make up the deficiency in the National Revenue. We lament it, not only because of the inherent mischief of the scheme itself, but because it must infallibly destroy the remaining confidence of the country in their capacities for government, and hasten their downfal before others are well prepared to take their places. The commercial and manufacturing interests were already sufficiently out of humour with Lord John Russell; the great body of the intelligence and energy of the middle classes were little enough disposed to overlook his errors; and now that he has struck them so decided a blow, we cannot but look for an increased exasperation against him and his colleagues, and after a time for their premature dismissal from the Government.

If ever there was a day which called with imperative demand for an equitable adjustment of our taxation, it is this present most critical era. This gigantic empire is, without a doubt, *at present* in the path which leads to national distress, decay, and death. The rich are every day growing richer, while the poor are with a more fearful rapidity growing poorer. What may be the causes of this frightful anomaly in the social state, we need not stay to inquire. We question whether there exists a man who can give a complete explanation of the circumstances which have brought on this grievous calamity. The fact, however, stands before us, glaring with portentous fierceness in the eyes of every one whose attention is not absorbed by the trivialities of his own immediate circle, and the prosperity of the class in society of which he happens to be a member. The ships of England swarm over the seas; her docks at home are as a wilderness of masts; her granaries and factories groan with corn and merchandise; her landlords know no diminution of rent for their acres; her cities cast up new streets, new terraces, new squares of mansions, till we find it impossible to conceive who it may be that will inhabit them; her thoroughfares are thronged with every species of vehicle, from the equipage of the peer to the rolling waggon and the rattling omnibus; her banquets, her festivals, her royal levees and drawing-rooms, her concerts and theatrical entertainments, are more numerous and splendid than ever: but meanwhile, where are three-fourths of her population? Where is the multitude? where the overwhelming majority? where those mouths, those limbs and sinews, which outnumber again and again those prosperous few on whom life smiles? They are every day becoming more poor, more miserable, more destitute, more reckless.

What, then, ought to be the first duty of the Imperial Parliament, but to lighten, in every possible and practicable way, the burdens that grind down those boundless myriads to the dust, and to lay the cost of the national expenses upon those who can really bear them? If the course of modern civilisation has tended to concentrate capital in the hands of the few, and to beggar the great body of those who labour, the one grand problem of modern financiers ought to be, to counteract this suicidal tendency, by taxing the wealthy more and more in proportion as they mount higher in the scale of riches. Every impost that we are called to pay ought to be devised in such a manner, as to aid the struggles of those who can barely fight their way through life, and to take from those *who are too rich* some portion of their superabundance.

Yet, to this hour, what has been the course of the English legislature? With a few exceptions, such as certain exemptions from the window-tax, and the omission of incomes below 150*l*. from the income-tax, the whole weight of taxation presses more heavily upon the poor than upon the rich. While the vast system of the Customs and the Excise makes the poor man pay a tax for almost every thing that he consumes, other imposts, such as the window-tax itself, are so arranged that the richest men pay actually *less* in proportion than the men of moderate or of very small incomes. And now, we have here the income-tax increased to a very serious extent, on its old iniquitous arrangements; and the energy, the skill, the industry of Great Britain is still further to be plundered, for the especial benefit of that class from which the law-makers chiefly proceed. Was there ever any thing more scandalously unfair than the regulation which compels a man who gains five hundred a year by his personal exertions, to pay the same portion of his income as the man who has five hundred a year in perpetuity? Was there ever a more manifest absurdity, than to take four pounds ten shillings a year from a person who has an income of one hundred and fifty pounds, and nothing at all from one whose yearly receipts are one hundred and forty-nine pounds nineteen shillings? It really upsets the old doctrines of calculation, and makes it prudent for a man to throw his money into the street; for if I possess one hundred and fifty pounds a year in the funds or from any other source, by giving away such a portion of my capital as will reduce my income

by one shilling, I literally save four pounds ten shillings per annum! The mingled folly and cruelty of these two features in this great tax is so monstrous, that we are only amazed that the nation has so long submitted to it, and done nothing but growl and grumble.

Lord John Russell is, however, we suspect, now urging the willing horse too recklessly and blindly. Old habits of thought and feeling, which have habituated us to our long-standing fiscal enormities, may hitherto have induced the trading, the commercial, and the professional classes of the empire to submit to this wanton injustice. But the Government now in office is at last going too far in its exactions. It has never been cordially liked by any one of these three divisions of the social scale; and now that they are at length assured that they are *to be robbed in perpetuity*, their indignation will seize the very first moment for expelling the oppressors from office, and trying again what Peel can do to weather the storm that howls around the ship. The ministry are, in fact, holding out to Sir Robert the very golden opportunity that he longs to see. They are offering him a popular cry, which, if he pleases, he can cause to re-echo through every body of electors in the kingdom, till the House of Commons reverberates with the sound. The nation is prepared for a war-tax; it is willing to pay it; it cannot yet agree with Mr. Cobden that soldiers, and cannon, and musket-balls can be dispensed with; it sees the storm gathering in Paris, and watches for the first heavy drops to fall around, and herald the crash of the elements. For war we are willing and even eager to be ready, though we abhor and deprecate it, and perhaps, in our caprice, may vent our indignation on the head of the Ministry which shall be called on to strike the first blow. For a property-tax we are also more than ready; we are coming round to see that, with all its inconveniences, it is the best of all taxes; it is *the tax which gives us most for our money*. But against a perpetuation of the inequalities, the harshness, the dishonesty of an income-tax, especially of the income-tax as it now stands, there are tens of thousands who already murmur and who will speedily rebel; and woe be to the prime minister who thinks to slight their indignation.

We have said we do not desire to see the present Ministry at present ejected from power, and especially we deprecate any movement which will throw the government into Sir Robert Peel's hands on any such question as a mere taxation arrangement, however in itself important. If the late Premier comes into office on such a question as this, there will be little else to be got from him. He will have no motive for grappling with the monster evils of the time. The terrible Irish perplexities, the land and the Established Church,—neither of these would find their solution in the measures of the wary baronet, if he could again seat himself firmly on the treasury-bench on the merits of an equitable adjustment of a financial difficulty. The deep-seated, enduring ills of the empire would be silently shelved, and we should only exchange the no-rule of the Whigs for the misrule of the Tories.

PIUS THE NINTH:

HIS CHARACTER AND HIS POSITION.

Among the testimonies of sympathy with which the course of the Sovereign Pontiff is regarded by men of all kingdoms and creeds, none is more remarkable than the resolution passed by the legislature of New York, and transmitted to His Holiness. There may, perhaps, be something essentially American in the idea expressed by these transatlantic lawgivers, that the "interest" which they feel in the Pontiff "is sanctified by classic recollections;" but still the fact remains the same, alike honourable to those from whom it proceeds, and remarkable as a sign of the feelings with which the Pope is regarded. It really seems as if the eyes of the whole world were fixed on Rome. The several detached portions of the political contest going on over the earth all seem to convey and group themselves about one man. The figure of Pius now forms the centre of this great battle-piece. And a glorious figure it is, as ever painter would wish to bring out on canvass, or sculptor to hew out of stone. We would not have him drawn in the triple crown and gorgeous cope, as most of his predecessors are portrayed; no, nor borne aloft in slow procession, as he seems to float over the kneeling crowd in St. John Lateran. Nor even as we have seen him on Corpus Christi day, carried, and carrying the adorable Sacrament, between the pillars of the colonnade which stretches its two white arms to encircle the cross-crowned obelisk in front of St. Peter's. Glorious as was the scene, we would not paint him so; for his bright eyes were closed, and his ever-varying features stilled by the intensity of his devotion. Rather let him be drawn as he is visiting some monastery, seated in his plain snow-white cassock amongst the brethren, talking familiarly to them, his broad mouth beaming a sweet smile upon them. Truly if it were not for that sweetness, there would be firmness enough in his thin straight upper lip to border on obstinacy; and a bad man, especially if he chanced to have ermine on his back and a sceptre in his hand, would need a brazen front if he would stand unabashed before the lightning of that keen, quick, penetrating eye.

We are not politically weather-wise enough to form a conjecture on the issue of the Pope's enterprise; we would even join our American friends in expressing "solicitude" as well as "admiration." Still, we believe that he has with him two elements of success which should not be overlooked: one arises from his own personal qualities, the other is his most peculiar position, as combining in himself an ecclesiastical and temporal character. And this seems to hold good, even excluding the supernatural side of the question, which faith would bring in. A few remarks on this portion of the Pontiff's circumstances, added to the many which Italian affairs have already elicited, may not therefore be out of place in our pages.

A parallel has often been drawn between the present state of Rome and that of France before the great Revolution; and it has been implied that Pius IX. was a weak benevolent prince, with more heart than head, like Louis XVI.; ingenious persons have gone on to draw a comparison between the assembling of the Consulta and the convocation of the States General. A more infelicitous comparison could hardly be hit upon than that between the Pope and the ill-fated Louis. Whatever faults may be found by some in the measures of His Holiness, irresolution is not one. From the very first step which signalised his Pontificate, all men felt that they had to deal with one who had his own views, and intended to carry them out in good earnest. Indeed, it required no common courage to raise about him so many enemies as he has done, and that with eyes open. The very emptying of the prisons of St. Angelo was a signal for war; the cry of joy which burst from the lips of the Romans when the political captives were restored to their families, sounded across the Alps as a note of defiance. The terror by which Austria held Rome in thrall was the civil misgovernment of the state; the

moment that the sovereign reigned in the hearts of the people, Austrian protection was no longer needed. And at each new act of the Pontiff the black eagle felt that Rome was slipping from the tight grasp of its talons, and its indignation proportionably grew. The seizure of Ferrara which followed was an unequivocal proof of the imperial determination to let nothing stand in the way of its vengeance. It required, indeed, a bold heart to call up so determined and unscrupulous a foe; and that, be it remembered, in the face of a policy which had lasted so long, and had been sanctified by the memory of the late blameless Pontiff, Gregory. It is impossible to calculate the habitual terror which the Austrian name inspired in Rome. When the news came of the occupation of Ferrara, it was universally expected that the "Tedeschi" would arrive at the gates of Rome; it reminded one of the time when, many hundred years ago, Frederic II. was threatening the Eternal City, and the plumes of the German helmets were looked out for from the walls. Imagine what the Holy Father must have had to bear when all hearts were failing, and men of timid souls came about him with their cold "This was just what might have been expected!" And yet, while the English papers said that the Holy Father was looking worn, never was Pius's eye more keen, nor his step firmer, than while the Austrians were thus threatening his realms. No; Pius IX. may fall a victim to many things, but not to irresolution.

Another, and an opposite view of the Pope's character is, that he is a political schemer, a sort of Papal Rienzi, a rash lover of popularity, who has conjured up the demon of popular tumult in order to enjoy a short moment of triumph, without considering how hard it will be to lay the spirit which he has raised. This view is more plausible than the other, yet it cannot bear examination. No conception of the character of a political personage, or indeed of any other, can be maintained, unless it views his actions as a whole. Take any isolated act of any man whatever, you can make it prove what you please by the very simple process of adding a motive to it. But take the entire life of Pius IX., you will find that the only way of viewing his policy is to consider it as the natural dictate of a heart full of love for humankind, of a pure heart hating any thing underhand, and of a great heart which beats high with an undaunted love of justice. From the moment that the sacred unction of the priesthood was poured upon him, he was the priest of the poor. From working amongst the people in the dark by-streets and alleys of Rome, he learned to penetrate into the very core of society, and to know the causes of the heart-burnings, the discontent, and the secret clubs which had been the curse of the Papal government. He found that all this was not pure rebellion, and that the best way to stop conspiracy was to reform abuses. He saw how some of the finest states in the world were ruined by misgovernment. He had no need of going far from Rome itself to see this; he had but to look out across the broad Campagna, stretching out its silent melancholy waste, dotted over with ruins, amongst which lurks the deadly malaria which envelopes the very walls of Rome. He saw this rich plain depopulated, covered with a vast expanse of grass where golden corn might be waving on its surface, and sending forth the pestilential air which yearly decimates the reapers who venture to gather in the few crops which grow upon it. He knew that this was due to the unenterprising character of the great families who in the first half of the sixteenth century gained possession of it to the exclusion of the smaller proprietors. He saw the vast capabilities of the Marches and of Romagna, which Julius II. gained for the Church, unimproved, and running to waste, their fair cities desolate, and their beautiful seaports idle. All this was to be attributed to the fact, that the whole of these vast tracts, made up of different small states, had never been suffered to obtain the stability which would have been conferred upon them by a uniform government, adjusting with a steady hand the jarring interests which long had warred within them. The peculiar form of government which ruled the Pontifical states made the administration depend for the most part upon the character of the rulers of the day. Each new Pontificate brought a change of measures and of men; evils were met by stop-gaps, and new evils were recklessly called into being by the efforts made to meet a present emergency. The very paternal and free-and-easy system of governing by the distribution of favours rather than by the infliction of punishment,* brought with it the inconvenience of making every thing depend upon the arbitrary will of those who dispensed places and rewards, while at the same time it necessitated the creation of a vast number of petty functionaries, who lived on the spoils of the government and the people. The people groaned under taxes, and the provincial nobility and middle classes of the laity in general claimed that share in the government to which they were entitled by their position. In fact, the Pontifical states required a *system*; they wanted a constitution, that finances might not be administered in a ruinous way, with a reckless disregard of posterity, that the interests of all classes might be considered, and justice proceed on fixed principles, not on the will of men in power.

One anecdote recorded of Pius whilst only Bishop of Imola or of Spoleto (we do not remember which), will shew how keenly he felt that however bad rebellion might be, yet wrongs enough existed to stir up youthful blood; in other words, that there was some good in young Italy. A government-agent came to him one day with an important face, to inform him that he had discovered a secret political society in the town; adding, that young men of the highest connexions in the place were involved in it. The Bishop ordered him to be diligent in his attempts to discover and collect evidence against the offenders; and bade him bring him the result of his labours. Shortly after, the man appeared with a bundle of papers, filled with triumphant proofs against a large number of persons. The Bishop took up the papers, and walked quietly to a large wood-fire which was blazing on the hearth; into this he threw the documents, and while they crackled in the flames, turned round upon the astonished functionary, and asked him with what heart he could thus throw desolation into so many noble families, and consign to a dreadful captivity so many youths who were more misguided than guilty?

This act of Pius fits in well with the amnesty with which he opened his Pontificate. It shewed his sense that good government was a more effectual way of keeping men in order than spies and sbirri. Other Pontiffs had often talked about it, but the cares of all the Churches had prevented the execution of their designs. Leo XII. especially was a reformer; but death carried him off before he could effect any thing. At Rome things must be taken by storm, or endless intrigues rise up to mar the work. So Pius set to work in good earnest. Then there followed each other in rapid succession a series of measures, each intended

* Vide Ranke's History of the Popes, vol. i. p. 396.

to avert some of the evils which we have named. The two most important are, the creation of the Consulta, and the organisation of a regular ministry. The tendency of the Consulta is evidently to mould into one the heterogeneous elements of which the States of the Church are composed. The Pontiff has thus called into being the very body the absence of which a late eminent historian of the Popes since the Reformation has pointed out, and marvelled at.* By the remodelling of the ministry, Pius has gone far to destroy the cumbrous machinery of the congregations, perfected if not introduced by Sixtus V. He has thus provided for the prompt and regular administration of public business in a way unknown to the Pontifical states. But this is not all; he has thus granted to his people the germs of a constitution. We do not mean that he has given the Roman people a document, or a bit of parchment. The *motu proprio* indeed, posted every where over the walls of Rome, was declared by the crowds, eagerly spelling out its contents, to be a constitution; but they were neither wholly right, nor wholly wrong. That word cannot be applied to a mere set of rules on paper; for the dead letter of laws is always infinitely modified by those on whom they act. But the Pope has, by its provisions, at least laid down the necessary conditions of a constitution; that is, of a settled order of things, pervaded by a spirit strong enough to neutralise the arbitrary will of individuals, and to move the frame of government on fixed laws. On the other hand, the admission of laymen into the ministry is a significant proof that all classes of the community will be represented in it.

This sketch of the Pope's policy, however slight, proves that a knowledge of the abuses of the civil government of Rome gives a meaning and a distinctness to his measures. It proves that they are the natural result of his character, since they are intended to meet precisely those abuses which were calculated to shock, and actually did shock him. It shews how gratuitous is the hypothesis that he is a mere demagogue, and reveals a single-mindedness which, though it does not ensure, is yet an element of success.

We have said above that the position of Pius as head of the Church, as an ecclesiastical sovereign, was favourable to the triumph of his policy. And the obvious reason is, that it gives him a dignity to fall back upon, which the other sovereigns of Italy do not possess. It is certain that the rulers of the Italian peninsula have a most difficult people to govern. Long accustomed to be governed by arbitrary power, they seem to be intoxicated with the new prospects opening upon them. The populace of each state listens with open ears to the news which come from its neighbour; a concession granted by one sovereign must necessarily be made by all. The same war-cries are echoed on from city to city; one range of mountains seems to fling the watchword over to another, till the same sounds are heard from the shores of the Adriatic to those of the Mediterranean. It is very fortunate that one voice can be heard above all this tumult, and that it proceeds from Rome. All Italy stands watching the progress of Pio Nono, with a veneration which no mere sovereign could command. This is apparent even to a casual observer. Let any one be present at a popular demonstration, first at Rome, and then at Florence; he will soon see that a spirit rules in one place which is wanting in the other. Any one who, in the evening of the last fête of the Grand Duke, had stood near one of the bridges of Florence, would have seen an innumerable crowd pressing each other on over the Arno, with banners flying, and bands playing wild and exciting music. The vast multitude joined in a chorus, the burden of which was *Viva Gioberti; viva la libertà.* Beautiful as were the full, rich Italian voices which sung these words, still there was such a tumultuousness in the sounds as they died away among the mountains, and such a feverishness about the whole crowd which poured on through the streets in the dusk of the evening, that a deep shade of sadness fell over the heart of the spectator. In the morning, the Grand Duke had appeared at the balcony of the Pitti palace, in the plain costume of the National Guard: it is true there was shouting in plenty, still the scene was not complete. It wanted an object and a termination. The Duke could only make an awkward bow, and retire. Very different was the scene which had been witnessed at the Quirinal not long before. It was Ascension-day, and a stranger was borne along in the stream of an immense multitude which followed the Pope from St. John Lateran to his palace. The day was lovely, and an Italian sky stretched its deep expanse over the many churches of Rome, which all lay still and beautiful at the foot of the Quirinal; and farthest of all appeared St. Peter's, heaving up its whole mass above the houses, and raising high into the air its calm, majestic dome. After many cries of *Viva Pio Nono*, the Pope made his appearance at a balcony, and immediately thousands of bouquets were thrown up towards him. The air literally rained flowers and breathed perfumes. At length, the voice of Pius entoned, *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.* The clear musical sounds thrilled through every soul: all chanted out the usual response; and when the blessing came, down fell every man in the immense crowd on his knees, save that a stray Englishman here and there remained on his feet, towering amongst the kneeling figures. Not another shout was raised; the heart of the crowd was still with awe, and the Pope retired, lifting up his hands to heaven, to implore blessings on his people. If Pius had not been the head of Christendom, his exit would have been less graceful and less dignified.

It is time to draw these cursory remarks to a close. The Pontiff, however we may hope for his final triumph, has a most difficult part to play. It is a comfort indeed to think that his position is not quite new. The cause of Italian independence was fought and won by Alexander III. Times are much changed since then; Venice and Milan are no longer what they were when Frederic was defeated at Legnano. But we must remember that the alteration of circumstances has also changed the outward aspect of the Pope's cause. Then the Germans were directly attacked as the open enemies of the Church and the tyrants of Italy; now, if the Austrians are drawn into the conflict, it is their own fault. Pius has set about reforming abuses in his own dominions; if the reformation of abuses at Rome shakes the Austrian rule in Lombardy, it can only be because the rule of foreigners in the north of Italy is not that of justice and peace. Diplomacy has now in a great measure taken the place of arms; let us hope that the inherent righteousness of the cause of Pius IX. may make its way among the nations. America, as we have seen, has taken this view of the case; and England has not been behindhand in expressing, with reference to the Pope, her sense "that every independent sovereign has a right to make, within his own dominions, such reforms and improvements as he may judge conducive to the welfare of the people whom he governs." In fact, there are two ways of governing people: one is by force, the other by giving to each portion of the community its legitimate share of power. The former

* Ranke, vol. i. p. 395.

method is no longer possible when education spreads amongst the mass. The Pope has seen that the time was come for the latter mode; and though it is much less simple than the more antiquated plan, and though the process of passing from one species of rule to the other is most difficult and dangerous, yet Pius has risked all these dangers in order to ensure the good of his people. God prosper the right!

A DISPUTE ABOUT MUSIC.

Sir,—I was lately a guest at an evening party, at which were present certain musical friends, and among the rest, two zealous defenders of things as they *are*, and of things as they *were*. The former I shall call *Urbanus*; the latter, *Rusticus:* one being of the town, the other of the country. Though I knew little about the matters which these two worthy gentlemen discussed, I was vastly entertained and instructed by all they said; and I feel sure that you and your readers will be more or less amused by a little account of the battle they fought, each for his favourite view.

Urbanus was, in person, the *beau-ideal* of the "comfortable;" Rusticus of the "uncomfortable." The former was short and delightfully rotund; and drest in the smartest of coats, and with his ample chin reposing in the ampler folds of a flowing neckcloth, he smiled on all the world, even on his present antagonist. Rusticus was tall and thin; dressed in loose black clothes, and with a sombre countenance, he seemed to think the world was chiefly made in order to be set to rights. At the same time, he was not a little acute and shrewd, and told plain truths in a plain way; and, with all his reforming propensities, was good-tempered and kind-hearted, and, when not on stilts, disposed to make allowances for people who differed from himself.

They had both lately been abroad, in France, Germany, and Italy, and each was full to overflowing of the iniquities of the music they had heard in the churches. One was mad against the old Gregorian singing; the other equally wroth against the frivolities of the modern style. Rusticus protested that the churches were worse than theatres; Urbanus declared that he was driven wild by the groanings of French serpents and the Italian monastic Gregorian shouting. The former inveighed against every thing but music of the true, old, ancient ecclesiastical stock, and was excited to rapture by the sight of an Antiphonary or Gradual; the latter would not grant that such books contained any thing worthy the name of music, and asserted that the ancients knew no more of true melody than they knew of gunpowder or the steam-engine. One was for burning every thing prior to a certain date, the other would give to the flames every thing that followed some particular period. *What* was the precise epoch which each would name for commencing this summary conflagration I could not, indeed, get them to say; and my private opinion is, that they would have been grievously troubled to have put their ideas on this head into any definite shape. I must say, however, that they were both of them very clever fellows, and gave one another a few good hard hits, which convinced all hearers that each of them had a portion of truth on his side, and that they only erred in their rigid exclusiveness. But you shall judge of them by their own words. I will repeat, as well as I can, a few bits of the satirical pictures they gave, each of his adversary's favourite style of music. I do not pretend to say how far they were right; but each of them certainly *winced* under the infliction of his opponent.

Says Rusticus, "Modern music is an unmixed abomination. It scandalises all good Christians. It is only fit for the theatre. I have been again and again driven out of my senses by one of your horrible choirs of women. I was once in a great church in Germany, where the High Mass lasted three mortal hours, with this piping, and singing, and ungodly exhibition. I was so tired that I could hardly recover my spirits through the whole day; and when I did, I wrote a little sketch of what I had heard, by way of a description of a model mass in the modern style."

With that, he pulled out a ponderous pocket-book, and took thence a piece of paper on which he had written his lucubrations, and which, from its dilapidated condition, he was evidently in the habit of perusing with feelings of considerable complacency. This he read aloud to us all, and we were so much entertained by the caricature, that I begged for a copy, which I now send for your entertainment also. Rusticus called it "How to write a Mass in the Modern Style." Here is his receipt for the purpose:

"First take the words, *Kyrie eleison, Gloria in excelsis, Credo*, &c. &c. It is necessary to employ these words as an accompaniment to the music, as custom requires it; but it is not of much importance to consider what they mean, nor need any attention be paid to the length or shortness of their syllables. Then write your first movement as follows:—first, a short symphony on the organ, rather quiet, but somewhat wild and wandering; secondly, a few bars of soft music to the words *Kyrie eleison*, terminating with a solemn chord and a pause; after the pause, set the words *Christe eleison* to a particularly lively tune, in triple time, adapted to the compass and execution of your favourite soprano voice, and suggestive of that light and festive frame of mind which is characteristic of persons peculiarly satisfied with themselves. This dancing measure will be fitly terminated by a long, loud, and very dry fugue in a minor key.

"The *Gloria in excelsis* is to commence with a brilliant and florid chorus, in which it is desirable that the organist should run over the keys of the instrument as rapidly as possible, with the view of overpowering the voices of the singers. This movement must not be too long, but must be succeeded by three especially lengthy and dismal solos, one for the bass, one for an alto, and one for a treble voice, to the words *Qui tollis*, &c. The accompaniment here should be as lugubrious as possible, aided by a bassoon-like groaning from the 'fancy stops' of the organ. The *Qui tollis* completed, the voices will get through the remainder of the *Gloria* as speedily as they can, till they come to the words *Cum Sancto Spiritu* and *Amen*, the latter of which they will repeat at least forty times, making about three apparent terminations, and then starting off afresh with redoubled vigour. The general impression of the whole, and the prominence given to the *Qui tollis* and the *Amen*, will be highly satisfactory to the cultivated mind, which rejects the vulgar notion that the *Gloria in excelsis* is a hymn of praise.

"The *Credo* must always open with a loud, rambling movement, in which the words are to be well mixed up together, so as to preclude the possibility of catching any single syllable, unless perhaps the words *Credo* (I believe) and *descendit* (he descended) may stand out a little distinctly, in order to enlighten the understandings of the congregation as to the meaning of the passage. This well over, the *Et incarnatus* is to be sung by a tenor voice, and with the *Crucifixus*, which may be a trio for your best voices, should last about twice as long as the whole of the first portion of the Creed, that the same penitential character which is so eminently characteristic of the *Gloria* may be retained here also. After this, finish your *Credo* on the same plan as the *Gloria*, taking the greatest care to repeat the *Amen* (which is the most important feature of the whole) at the least thirty or forty times, as before. After all this, the congregation may be supposed to be duly prepared for the celebration of the divine mysteries about to follow.

"The *Sanctus* ought to be loud and short, and the *Hosanna* loud and long; and you will highly edify the hearers if you continue a few *fortissimo* and *prestissimo* hosannas until the consecration is nearly completed.

"Great latitude may be allowed in the *Benedictus.* The chief point is sufficient length. The oftener you can repeat the words the better. The *Hosanna* as before.

"In the *Agnus Dei* two things must be especially noted. The music to the words *Agnus Dei*, &c. should be expressive of deep mental anguish, wholly unlike the calm confiding prayer of the faithful Christian; and the *Dona nobis pacem*, being essentially military and fierce in its sentiment, is to be ushered in with the most tre-

mendous crash of voices and chords which you can devise. Your great aim ought to be to imitate drums and trumpets, and the firing of cannon. For the sake of variety, you may occasionally wind up with a spirited jig, expressive of the heartfelt satisfaction with which every body reflects that all is over.

"How to sing this Mass when it is composed.—Get four amateur singers; viz. one young lady; one gentleman who 'plays a little on the flute,' to sing the alto; one other who has a barytone, and therefore can easily 'manage' the tenor part; and one bass voice, loud, but not deep. To these add your organist, who must not have a salary of more than ten or fifteen pounds a year. Place your singers in a small gallery close to the organ (which will enable them to hear their own voices very distinctly), and behind a thick woollen curtain (which will enable the congregation to hear them). Practise your mass once over, or perhaps twice, and sing it on the following Sunday. After service is over, compliment the performers on their voices, and the correctness of their execution; and take an early opportunity of eulogising their performance in a local or London newspaper."

We all laughed heartily at this satire; even Urbanus smiled grimly as his merciless antagonist read on, in a solemn inflexible tone of voice. Towards the end he seemed to be meditating something very energetic in the way of reply; and no sooner was Rusticus silent, than he burst forth in a vigorous protest against the unfairness of the picture.

"I deny it all," said he; "I deny it all: or, if I don't deny it all, I deny that you could give us any thing better in its place. Do you mean to tell me that your unearthly groanings, your dismal ups and downs of notes, bellowed forth by uncultivated voices, have any *devotion* in them? I never could see the sense or meaning of any Gregorian music in my life; even the best parts have neither head nor tail in them, and are for all the world like those queer, break-jaw Scotch tunes, without beginning, or middle, or end. Come now," said he, "you have given us your sketch of a modern mass; I'll give you *my* idea of *your* music in the same fashion."

And then he favoured us with an extempore receipt, How to write a Piece of Gregorian Music; which I shall repeat as well as I can remember it.

"Take," said he, "a large piece of paper, and rule on it a few staves, of four lines each, wide and black; then take several large square black notes, and scatter them well over your paper. After this, take a Latin sentence, of any description, and adapt it to your notes, according to your taste, taking care to give about thirty notes, or more, to one or two of the shortest syllables, especially where they have fallen into a somewhat erratic and up-and-down movement. Then place a few stems to some of the notes; divide it into bars at the beginning and end of each word; and your Gregorian composition is complete.

"How to sing the Same.—Engage two men-singers, with voices very unlike in quality, who can sing *a little* at sight. Desire them to sing your music as slowly and as loud as possible, and to take breath occasionally in the middle of the most important words. Impress upon them the idea, that Gregorian singing ought to be very simple and solemn, and that the ancients never introduced any ornaments into their ecclesiastical music; which assertion you can prove to them—if you are able.

"The Same in the French Style.—Buy two large musical instruments, called *serpents*, as powerful in tone as possible. Engage the village blacksmith, and some other amateur, to blow these, when bought. Whenever your cantors begin to sing, the serpents are to play according to their taste. The more nasal the effect of the whole, the more will it be like the French style."

This Rusticus could not stand. He would hardly hear the other out; and at last waxed warmer and warmer in his condemnation of all music that was not what he called strictly ecclesiastical. He even denounced the use of the organ itself, and loudly maintained that its introduction into the Church had been a fatal error, which had led the way to all the abuses of the modern system. Here, however, one or two of the company interposed, and declared they thought this was going too far. Violins, and drums, and trumpets they all said they would give up; but the very notion of excluding the glorious, solemn organ they regarded as monstrous.

"Well," said Rusticus, "you think the organ cannot be abused. I know that it *can*. There's hardly a waltz or an opera-air I have not heard screamed out on the organs abroad. They turn the organs into downright fiddles and flutes, and make them more detestable than their own voices. All this they do with really good instruments; but as for your crack modern organs, or your common English organs, they are a hundred times worse. I'll give you a plan for getting a new organ, which will shew you how people buy them now-a-days; and I don't think that even Urbanus here can deny the truth."

The pocket-book then gave forth a second paper, from which its owner read as follows:

"How to get a good Church-Organ.—Read the Catholic Directory, the Ecclesiastical Gazette, or some other journal in which organ-builders advertise. Find out which builder has built the most organs in the East or West Indies, or in Australia, and has also invented the greatest number of new, unheard-of, and amazing stops, to imitate a full band with the most perfect ease. Give this builder a commission to send you an instrument according to his own taste; do not employ any professional organist to arrange matters for you, or to examine the bill. Pay the latter as soon as it is sent in. Your organ will not want repairing or enlarging for at least two years.

"How to play on this Organ when you have got it.—Give your organist the smallest possible salary. Desire him always to play very loud (which, by the by, he will very likely do, without your directions), and to keep the organ going as much as he can all through the service. Instruct him that the great use of an organ is to imitate an orchestra, and to overpower the bad singing. When he accompanies a chant, he should run up and down the keys with the utmost conceivable celerity, as the singers may very well wait in the middle until he is ready to proceed to the close. You will thus succeed in making the organ play the most prominent feature in divine service, which will be very satisfactory to the most devout portion of a congregation."

"Well, then," cried one of the company, when this second piece was read, "I see there is only one way of getting rid of the difficulty. We must come to the charity-children after all. Give us good plain singing by the boys and girls of the poor-schools, nicely dressed in their Sunday-clothes, and nobody will grumble."

"Oh, horrible!" exclaimed Urbanus.

"Intolerable, and utterly unecclesiastical!" echoed Rusticus. "What," said he, "will you have girls sing the Offices of the Church, or introduce the dancing French *cantiques*, or a flaunting Italian litany? Worse and worse. How utterly the public mind is corrupted about music!"

And so they went on, till I and others were fairly tired out, and the disputants were nearly hoarse; when we took our leave, and went away, bored, though amused. To my poor judgment, both combatants seemed right, and both wrong. I know nothing about styles, and square and round notes, and treble and bass, and so forth. All I can tell is, that some music *expresses* my religious feelings, and some does not; and from all I can make out, there is plenty of music, of all sorts of schools and ages, which is truly Christian and religious, and plenty which is offensive to every devout mind. At least so it seems to me; but then I am only a plain man and a Christian, and perhaps know nothing about it.

Yours, &c. Philharmonicus.

THE STATE OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

BY A SIX-YEARS' RESIDENT.

The annals of the world present no chapter more interesting than that which records the uncontrolled supremacy that England has obtained over the greatest

portion of India, and the victories her illustrious armies have gained over the magnificent dominions of the Moslem conquerors of Hindostan. After the discovery of a passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, when the merchants of Great Britain made efforts to share the commerce of the East with the Portuguese, nearly a century elapsed before they were successful. Individual capital was too limited for trade, which, however lucrative, was attended with great risk, and required force to protect it. Queen Elizabeth was petitioned by a body of rich merchants to grant them exclusive privileges for the purpose of trading with India; and she sent an embassy to the Emperor Akbar, soliciting protection for her subjects within his territories. Without waiting for the result, which was not very propitious, Elizabeth granted a charter in 1600, which was signed by George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, forming them into a corporation, under the title of "Governors and Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies."

If we recal the ruling spirit of the court of Queen Elizabeth, it may be conjectured that this band of merchants won little notice from the nobles and soldiers who were the ornament of her reign. Only in modern times has the importance of commerce been fully understood as a means of promoting civilisation, and a bond of international union between remote countries. When a great poet of our day spoke of

"Trade, the calm breath of nations,"

he described what *should be*, rather than what actually exists, but what may yet come to pass, when the sublime prophecy is fulfilled which declares that "the merchandise of Tyre shall be holiness to the Lord, it shall not be treasured or laid up."

The English merchants on their arrival at Delhi were astonished at the beauty of that Oriental city; the gilded minaret, the sculptured mosque, the marble palace, the lofty tower, the orange-groves, and the graceful palm-trees, arched by the cloudless sky of India, combined to form a scene of enchantment which appeared to the strangers from our northern isle, more like a dream than the actual abodes of human beings. They craved an audience of the Great Mogul, and were told by his courtiers that permission was given them to stand in his lofty presence. They found him seated on the celebrated throne made to imitate a peacock's tail, and inlaid with every kind of precious stone, and which soon after was the prize of Nadir Shah, who, though originally a shepherd's son, became the sovereign of Persia, and afterwards the conqueror of Delhi. The Emperor Akbar at that period was in the zenith of his power, and scarcely deigned, while hearing the prayer of the English merchants, to grant the petition of their island-queen. Three centuries have now passed away; the sons of Great Britain, who could scarcely obtain leave to traffic with India, now rule it with a sceptre mightier than that which was swayed by the Great Mogul; for the Mahometan crescent grew pale when the star of England appeared in the horizon of the East.

If the possession of this vast empire brings great power, it also creates solemn responsibility. What has England done for those eighty millions, who, through singular vicissitudes, have become her subjects? If endowed with the godlike will of conferring benefits, we should rejoice to have such great opportunities for its exercise. We may be allowed here to quote a passage from a well-known author portraying our singular influence in the East. "Who can peruse the extraordinary historical phenomenon, the subjection of the millions of India, and the expulsion of other Europeans from its shores, by a mere handful of Englishmen, without being filled with astonishment? A region of Asia equal in extent to the whole of Europe (exclusive of Russia, Denmark, and Sweden), with a population of more than one hundred and thirty millions, all of them being aliens in blood, language, and religion, and many consisting of warlike tribes, so brave as to have frequently repelled the Moslem conquerors with heroism not unworthy of Grecian warriors. This vast region, with its myriad of inhabitants, situated in another hemisphere, has acknowledged the uncontrolled dominion of Great Britain. How few English subjects are dispersed over this immense territory, exercising government, preserving peace, administering justice, and regulating the multiplied relationships, internal and external, of almost as many 'peoples, and nations, and languages,' as composed the Babylonian empire in the zenith of its glory! Yet so absolute and undisputed is the supremacy of the British sceptre, so regular and perfect is the organisation of the British power, that one British subject, under the designation of Governor-General, who may never have trodden on the Indian soil, may embark on board a vessel in the Thames, traverse fifteen thousand miles of ocean, land at the mouth of the Ganges, proceed along that mighty stream the same distance that Dover is from Gibralter, visit the Himalaya mountains in Central Asia, and then, by a single word of his mouth, or a single stroke of his pen, set all the teeming millions of India in motion, proclaiming war. Can the annals of time present any thing like this? if not, we must conclude that Providence has some grand design in view, which we should humbly scan and devoutly prosecute."

Before our sway over India can become advantageous to her inhabitants, we must understand them; otherwise, far from promoting their happiness, we should only render them miserable. An important lesson has been taught by the Emperor Baber, the greatest Mussulman who reigned over India. In early manhood, when ambitious to attempt the conquest of this far-famed land, he first resolved to study the condition of its inhabitants, their numbers, spirit, and national character, their government and laws, their territorial resources, their means of resistance and defence. The more effectually to attain this end, he assumed the guise of a religious mendicant, and under the shelter of this sacred character, he traversed without detection or suspicion the plains, cities, and strongholds of Northern India, surveying all with the eye of military genius; already planning pitched battles and sieges, and treasuring information elicited by various inquiries, which the sagacity and foresight of the future mighty warrior could devise. What was the result? With the light of facts so numerous, minute, and accurate, his measures of aggression were contrived and adapted with such skill and precision to the end he had in view, that the exile from Tartary speedily became the conqueror seated on the throne of Delhi; the founder of a dynasty which, in the pomp and parade of regal magnificence, greatly outrivalled that of the Nabuchodonosors of Babylon, the Caliphs of Bagdad, and the Cæsars of Imperial Rome. But it requires still higher endowments to govern an empire than to conquer it, and the Emperor Baber was a good and wise ruler, whose virtues present a striking contrast to the iniquities perpetrated in India by men who call themselves Christians.

Though there is a Mahometan population of many millions interspersed through all the provinces, yet the vast majority of inhabitants are Hindoos. Besides these two classes, there are numerous aboriginal tribes thinly scattered over the almost impenetrable forests of the interior and the almost inaccessible mountain-ranges on the frontiers, who have never acknowledged the supremacy of Brahmah, or bowed beneath the sword of the false prophet. But in a general sense the Brahminical creed is the national faith of India; and this system should be carefully studied, because, instead of having passed away like the mythology of Greece and Rome, it is still a living, operating principle, exerting the most powerful influence over the intellect and morals of the millions of India. The doctrines of the Vedas were never, like those of the Egyptian schools, merely confined to a few, and of no influence over their conduct; but for thousands of years they have been reduced to practice, moulding the feelings, thoughts, sentiments, and affections of countless millions; and in consequence of their sway over the hearts and understandings of so many of our fellow-subjects, they are fraught with deep interest and importance in the estimation of all who have the sympathies of men and the faith of Christians.

It is a striking peculiarity of Hindooism, that its regulations descend to the most trivial actions of life, anticipate every circumstance and event, and prescribe with rigid precision the varying forms of ritual duty,

whether personal or domestic, social or economical. It circumscribes every incident of the life of man within the sphere of positive religious duty, or rather ceremonial law. We cannot here dwell on the strange fictions of Hindoo mythology; but a nation which has been for ages saturated and leavened with such a system, must have sunk into a degraded state. How, then, shall these dusky myriads be made Christians?

The most experienced missionaries have all agreed, that the conversion of those already arrived at the age of manhood is quite hopeless, as their lives have been passed under the influence of debasing superstitions which bind them like iron chains; but they trust that by educating the rising generation, the young will perceive the absurdity of the creed professed by their ancestors. It is, however, a notorious fact, that the young men educated in the Protestant schools at Calcutta, though disbelievers in the gods of the Hindoo pantheon, have not become converts to Christianity, but have exhibited the same opposition to this divine system as the worst infidels of Europe. It is the most fruitless task to attempt the regeneration of India merely by the aid of human philosophy and science.

Hindooism, which is so singular a compound of all that is extravagant in every department of knowledge, physical, literary, or religious, could not long resist the light of European knowledge, if conducted on a scale of national magnitude. In the sudden demolition of established systems and forms, the newly-awakened spirit will often spring at one bound into the opposite extreme, manifesting itself in dangerous excitement, and leading to the most frightful political convulsions. Exhausted indeed at last by its own efforts, the spirit of infidelity might lose all vital energy, and produce a powerful reaction in favour of the ancient creed; or, as in the old French revolution, it might destroy all government and all religion.

It is acknowledged by most statesmen that a creed of some kind is necessary for the multitude; and this truth has been perceived by all those who have sounded the depths of the human heart. Even Robespierre exclaimed to the conclave that voted there was no God, "If there were no Deity, a wise government would invent one."

Englishmen often express great interest respecting the conversion of India, and are surprised that Christianity has not made greater progress amongst the Hindoos; but they generally forget their vast numbers, and the extent of the region where they dwell. On this point we may quote the words of Dr. Duff, a missionary of the Scotch Church, who speaks of the state of things in Bengal.

"In a statement drawn up a few years ago, appealing for additional assistance to the home societies, it was mentioned, that, owing to the small number of labourers, the glad tidings of the Gospel had not yet been heard in one out of a hundred of the towns and villages of Bengal; and this is the province which includes Serampore, the province where so many devoted men of all the leading Christian communions have so indefatigably laboured during the past forty years. What, then, must be the destitution in those immense districts where no solitary mission has been planted? The prospect is appalling, but not extraordinary, considering the magnitude of the field and the scantiness of the labourers. As the unknown may be more clearly appreciated by contrast with the known, let us compare India with Scotland. Look at the comparatively small population. How many are there of all denominations to proclaim the everlasting gospel? Upwards of two thousand. And yet of late the cry has gone forth that there is a deplorable destitution of the means of grace in our borders; a cry which has pealed forth the alarming fact, that we are nestling some of the worst horrors of heathenism in the midst of Christianity. The amount of population in India is at least one hundred and thirty millions. To proclaim the message of salvation to this amazing multitude, how many labourers does Great Britain supply? Taking into account those who are disabled in consequence of health injured by exertion in an unfriendly clime, and sundry other causes, there are not one hundred effective heralds of the Cross. No! including the missionaries of all our great societies, Church of England, Church of Scotland, Wesleyan, Independent, Baptist, and the proportion is not so great for India as would be that of two men for all Scotland with its islands. Think of two preachers for all Scotland! If at present with two thousand pastors there is so much heathenism in the land, what would be its condition were there only two clergymen, one stationed south of the Forth, the other north of the Tay? Would not this be an idle mockery of benevolence, a bitter sarcasm on schemes of evangelisation? and yet it is the very counterpart of the dealing of Protestant Christendom, not only with India, but the world at large."

Such are the impressions of Dr. Duff, on the banks of the Ganges; and they have been corroborated by all who have had actual experience of India: for Catholics have equal reason to lament that there are so few labourers in the vineyard; and a greater number cannot be procured till the funds augment for the promotion of missionary enterprise. When the great precursor of the Messiah came forth from the wilderness to proclaim those solemn words, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths," he uttered a command that should be obeyed in all generations, and particularly in our own. But while quoting the remarks of a Protestant missionary to prove how little has been done by England to promote the welfare of India, we must add the far more serious charges which have been made against the British Government for their conduct towards the Irish soldiers, who have so ably defended our Eastern empire on every battle-plain and field of victory. The Catholics of India, counting both Europeans and natives, are much more numerous than all other Christian sects put together, and therefore require more assistance and attention. Yet every boon is dealt out to them with a narrow-minded spirit and niggard hand unworthy of a great state, though justice demands that the Catholic soldier should be placed on a complete equality with his Protestant comrade. But the case is far different. When a Catholic and Protestant church are required in a station for troops, for the latter large sums of money are immediately given; while, after innumerable petitions, memorials, &c. the local powers will dole out one-tenth of the whole estimate to erect the Catholic church. Will England, celebrated for her generosity, continue thus to treat a portion of her illustrious army, who are willing to brave every danger, and to sacrifice life itself for the defence of our national honour? Cannot their country, from the abundance of its wealth, give them sufficient to raise altars, where they may worship God after the manner of their fathers? And when the brave Irish soldiers have poured forth the last drop of their blood to defend their Queen against her enemies,—their only recompense a grave in India,—should not England protect the widows and orphans of her soldiers? Many fell during the war in the Punjaub, when our possessions were attacked by the Sikhs. The glory of Great Britain was secured; her mighty Eastern empire still further augmented; her frontier nearly extended to the Indus; but amidst these triumphs, we should remember "the widow and fatherless in their affliction." The officers whose valour was exhibited in the campaign gave the most generous contributions to succour the destitute children of the army, and they resolved to establish a new orphan asylum at Mussorie; but no provision was made for the education of Catholic children in the principles of their religion, for it was decided that the teachers should be all Protestants.

England is a commercial country, yet has become illustrious by the force of her arms; her power would vanish like snow before the sun without brave and chivalrous men, who defend our peaceful hearths, and the vast possessions which constitute the empire of Great Britain. When their lives have been sacrificed for their country, should it not cherish and revere their memory? If their humble rank in life does not entitle them to the tomb in Westminster Abbey, or the high-sounding epitaph to record their names, yet should they not be forgotten. Their children are memorials of them; they ask not from us the magnificent shrine, or the pompous funeral, but protection for their widows and fatherless infants; they crave not even for these any

worldly honours or emoluments, but implore, with their latest breath, that the inheritance of faith may not be wrested from their beloved offspring; that their young minds may receive the same religious instruction which they would have imparted, had they not fallen upon the battle-plain in defence of their Queen and country.

Will this boon be refused to the soldier's orphan?

Latin Poetry.

EPITAPH ON DR. BUCKLAND.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—The readers of the RAMBLER will perhaps be amused with a Latin version of the verses of which you gave them my Greek translation last week.—Yours faithfully, Q.

[Metro hendecasyllabo.]

LUGETE, o Lapides, quibus plicati
Serpentis riguit repente forma;
Defuncti super ingematis urnam;
Cujus, pro meritis peritiorum,
Collum cingere non licet monili.
Vos, durum genus, o vetusta saxa,
Unumquodque suo ordinavit ævo:
Vestrum est interitum queri Magistri.
Et quæ perpetuis madent cavernæ
Guttis, nunc lacrymis magis liquescant,
Quarum non iterum sinus recludet,
Non rimabitur intimos recessus;
Non venas positi petet metalli,
Non abstrusa prioris ossa sæcli.
Puro lucidior lepos refulsit
Crystallo; sapientiæ profundæ
Vis vivax penetravit ima terræ.
Illum non facies dolosa saxi,
Non fictum specimen latebat unquam:
Primævam scopuli creationem
Callebat, lapis unde fractus esset,
Longinqui peregrinus hospes agri.
Ergo quo positum solo quietem
Carpet perpetuam caput verendum?
Cui siquis scopulo cavet sepulcrum,
Diffringet lapides resuscitatus:
Quin et strata suæ resolvet urnæ,
Assuetum sub humo novans laborem.
Sin vero tumulus ligone duro
Effossus capiat sepulta membra,
Summi pulveris obvoluta tecto,
Instrumenta suæ resurget artis
Rapturus; neque enim solo recenti
Condi relliquias sui futuras
(Indignum!) sapiens sinet Magister.
Verum fonticuli cadentis artus
Indurescat aquâ; lapisque totus
Tandem factus, eat rigens cadaver
Quas Oxonia clara jactat arces.
Illic in pluteis repostus altis,
Ingens qua crocodilus, et gigantum
Arefacta ferarum habentur ossa,
Ipsius monumentum in omne tempus
Exsiccatus homuncio maneto.

Reviews.

The Life of Elizabeth Fry; with Extracts from her Journal and Letters. Edited by Two of her Daughters. 2 vols. London, Gilpin; Hatchards.

WE confess to having found this a dull book. With every respect for Mrs. Fry's sincerity, and an undoubting conviction of the extensive good she accomplished, we cannot get through her Journals. They have fairly beat us out of the field. The records of the thoughts of religious and intelligent persons, whatever be their errors, are never without their interest; but when it comes to page after page of the same thing, over and over again, expressed in quaint and forced phraseology, unlike Scripture, unlike English, unlike the theological phraseology of any other sect in the world, it is too much for the patience of any but the most *obstinate* of readers. A man must be both a *Quaker* and a *German* to get through it all, without missing a word; at least so it seems to us.

From Mrs. Fry's circumstances in life, and the many remarkable people whom she came across, we expected something far more interesting and instructive in the way of information and anecdote. She was always thought so clever a woman, that we fancied she would write with something of the brilliancy and picturesqueness of the shrewd female observer of men and things. The energy she displayed, the masculine courage, and the little regard she shewed for the opinion of the world (so far as her peculiar tenets would allow her any real freedom), gave us the idea that her story would be lively, entertaining, and pointed, even if deformed with a considerable amount of preachification. These two volumes, however (of which the last has but recently appeared), which record her history, are as sedate and prosy a narrative, and nothing more, as it was ever our fate to come across. They never rise above the level of mediocrity, never vary their tone, never enliven their discoursing sentences of chronicle and reflections with a bit of good conversation, or a well-told anecdote. All is correct, solemn, and long-winded; redolent of "thee" and "thou," though the authors are, we believe, no longer Quakeresses; and only relieved with a lively spirit when they break into a little nonsense about "Bible-religion," and the worthlessness of forms and ceremonies.

Yet the biography is not without considerable interest. It tells some important stories, though in an unattractive way. The record of the awful state of our prisons, at the period when Mrs. Fry began her benevolent labours, ought to be familiar to every body who pretends to know the history of his own country. The account of the energetic preaching lady's visits to Ireland and France are also curious, especially for the struggle they shew between her fairness and candour and her Quaker anti-Popish prejudices. The former we think we may honestly say, on the whole, predominates. She yields no reluctant praise to the eminent piety of many an individual Catholic, and does almost perfect justice to the admirable management of great numbers of the Continental hospitals, schools, and houses of refuge for the sinner and the miserable. The simplicity with which she retails the old stories about the opposition of the *priests* to all that is spiritual and intelligent, is quite as amusing as offensive. One can hardly help smiling to see a clever woman of the world like Mrs. Fry, finishing one sentence of cordial eulogy upon the Catholic laity, only to begin another in depreciation of the clergy. The utter obtuseness which prevented her from seeing that such a clergy and such a laity *could* not exist together, is as ludicrous as it is blameable.

We cannot say that the perusal of this biography has raised our general opinion of Mrs. Fry. It confirms our old idea of her as an able, energetic, kind-hearted, motherly, preaching, sincere, and particularly self-satisfied lady. It strengthens our conviction of the intense formalism of Quakerism. She convinces us that they are the victims of ceremonies and outward trifles, while they stun all mankind with protesting against such vanities. Slaves to a set form of speech, and murdering the Queen's English under a pretence of talking like spiritual people, their whole frame of mind is of the cut-and-dried order, made to a pattern, clipped, and shortened, and squeezed, till it no more retains the semblance of that liberty with which Christ has made us free, than one of our great grandmothers, all flounced, and furbelowed, and powdered, and patched, resembled Eve in Paradise. Clad in drab, with no collars to their coats, and big brims to their hats, they give the lie to their own professions, and are the most helpless ceremonialists among people that call themselves Christians. As is their outward, so is their inner man.

And such, in her degree, was Elizabeth Fry. A flirt of the most flirting species in her youth; gay, rich, and tolerably good-looking, she received an impression of the importance of religion from a Catholic gentleman

of her acquaintance. Her relations, however, were "Friends" by ancestry, though not by profession; and she speedily fell into the hands of a people who believed that the Gospel consisted in saying "thee art," instead of "you are;" in wearing a very ugly cap and gown, and in calling Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, "First Day," "Second Day," and "Third Day." The unwillingness with which she submitted herself to this fond trifling, is one of the most curious portions of her history; and we must ever lament that a person of her energy, good intentions, and practical benevolence should have disfigured her best deeds with what common sense often calls Pharisaical nonsense.

To Quakerism, however, she took; and in good earnest. Elizabeth Fry was not a woman to do things by halves; and when she had once thrown in her lot with the sect, she was not one to shrink from consequences, or to adopt only a portion of the system she had embraced. Like other women of her denomination, she soon began to preach. To this, the worst of Quaker inventions, she applied herself with strenuous zeal; though we cannot but believe that it long cost her many a painful struggle to overcome her natural feminine reluctance to the display. That this mischievous and absurd practice should have left the modesty and delicacy of her mind uninjured, was of course impossible. Abhorrent to the sensitive character of the truly refined woman as is every such exhibition, whether on the stage or in the Quaker's meeting-house, Mrs. Fry could not but suffer under its hardening influences. It tended to make her self-confident, bold, and uncharitable; she became to herself and her admirers a kind of female Pope; and when the King of Prussia came to England a few years ago, she *performed* an extempore prayer and preaching before his majesty and suite, with the fullest conviction that she was simply fulfilling her duties as a woman and a Christian. That she herself was persuaded that she was acting under the guidance of Divine inspiration, by no means counteracted the baneful effects of this unnatural and anti-scriptural practice. Neither in religion nor in medicine is it sufficient to believe that we are doing right, in order to convert poisons into healing herbs. A man who swallows oxalic acid under the idea that he is taking Epsom salts, dies from the draught as certainly as if he meant to commit suicide; and so surely will a lady who takes to preaching suffer grievously from her error in imagining herself a "minister," even though she is impressed with the most undoubting idea that she is led by the Spirit of God.

Here is an instance of the quaint and almost unintelligible phraseology in which Mrs. Fry records the delivery of one of her earliest sermons:

"Yesterday was an awful, and to me instructive day at Plaistow Meeting. I had not sat very long, before I was brought into much feeling desire that the darkness in some minds might be enlightened; however, no clearness of expression came with it: but under a very solemn covering of the spirit of supplication, a few words offering, I, after a time, gave way to utter them; that which appeared indeed greatly in the cross to me, was having some words presented, to speak in testimony afterwards, which I did, I believe, purely because I desired to serve my Master, and not to look too much to the opinion of my fellow-servants; and there was to me a remarkable solemnity, and something like an owning, or accepting, of this poor little offering."

With another extract or two, descriptive of scenes of a similar kind, we pass on to the more valuable part of Mrs. Fry's labours. Who does not feel the utter *unreality* of what she here describes?

"Yesterday was a day indeed: one that may be called a mark of the times. We first attended a General Meeting of the Bible Society, where it was sweet to observe so many of various sentiments all uniting in the one great object, from the good Bishop of Norwich (Bathurst), for so I believe he may be called, to the Dissenting Minister, and young Quaker (my brother Joseph). We afterwards, about thirty-four of us, dined here; I think there were six clergymen of the Establishment, three Dissenting Ministers, and Richard Philips, besides numbers of others. A very little before the cloth was removed, such a power came over me of love, I believe I may say life, that I thought I must ask for silence after Edward Edwards had said grace, and then supplicate the Father of mercies for his blessing, both of the fatness of the earth and the dew of heaven, upon those who thus desire to promote his cause, by spreading the knowledge of the holy Scriptures; and that he would bless their endeavours, that the knowledge of God and his glory might cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea; and also for the preservation of all present, that through the assistance of his grace we might so follow him, and our blessed Lord in time, that we might eventually enter into a glorious eternity, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. The power and solemnity were very great. Richard Philips asked for silence; I soon knelt down: it was like having our High Priest amongst us; independently of this power, his poor instruments are nothing; and with his power, how much is effected. I understood many were in tears; I believe all were bowed down spiritually. Soon after I took my seat, the Baptist minister said, 'This is an act of worship;' adding, that it reminded him of that which the disciples said: 'When He walked with us, did not our hearts burn within us?' A clergyman said: 'We want no wine, for there is that amongst us that does instead.' A Lutheran minister remarked, that although he could not always understand the words, being a foreigner, he felt the spirit of prayer; and went on to enlarge in a striking manner. Another clergyman spoke to this effect: how the Almighty visited us, and that neither sex, nor any thing else, stood in the way of his grace. I do not exactly remember the words of any one, but it was a most striking circumstance, for so many of such different opinions thus all to be united in one spirit; and for a poor woman to be made the means, amongst so many great, wise, and I believe good men, of shewing forth the praise of the great 'I am.' After reading last evening, the dear Lutheran minister, Dr. Steinkoff, said a few words in prayer. This morning my desire, indeed I believe I may say prayer, is, that this may not degenerate into a form amongst us, and I should not be surprised if I had to express as much; however, that I leave."

In all fairness, we must append to this the account of one of Mrs. Fry's visits to a French nunnery as lately as "fourth month," 1843.

"At Clermont-en-Oise, the ladies were permitted to inspect the Great Central Prison for women, calculated to contain twelve hundred, although nine hundred only were in confinement when they were there. It is under the charge of a Supérieure and twenty-two nuns, no men being allowed to enter. The Supérieure was an intelligent, powerful-minded woman, greatly afraid of the abuses to which the solitary system is liable, and the silent system also, when carried to extremes. The prisoners work in large cheerful rooms, a hundred together, under the closest inspection of the nuns, who relieve the monotony by not unfrequently uniting in singing hymns. But a splendid prison extremely well managed, is not so rare a scene as that which concluded the visit. On first arriving, Mrs. Fry had expressed a great wish to see all the nuns, but the Supérieure considered it impossible, as they never leave the women; however, just before quitting the prison, Mrs. Fry was conducted into an apartment around which sat, some on chairs, some on extremely low seats, some apparantly on the floor, the twenty-two nuns in their grey dresses, and the lay sisters in black; placed in the middle were Mrs. Fry and her sister, Mrs. Joseph John Gurney, the Supérieure between them, holding Mrs. Fry by the hand, whose daughter was requested by the Supérieure to interpret for them. It was no light or easy task to convey exactly her mother's address, on the deep importance of maintaining, not alone good discipline amongst the prisoners, but endeavouring to lead them in living faith to Christ, as the only Mediator between God and man, and through whom alone they could be cleansed from the guilt and power of sin. At His name every head bowed. She then went on to tell of Newgate, and the effects of the gospel there; many tears were shed at this recital. She concluded by a lively exhortation to these devoted nuns, whom she could 'salute as sisters in Christ,' to go forward in their work, but in no way to rest upon it, as in itself meritorious. Here the Supérieure interposed, 'Oh non, mais il y a un peu de mérite, l'homme a de mérite en ce qu'il fait:' an old nun, who probably understood English, rejoined, 'Ma Mère, Madame thinks that if the love of God does not sufficiently animate the heart to do it without feeling it a merit, or desiring reward, it falls short.' 'Ah c'est bien! comme elle est bonne!' replied the Supérieure. Mrs. Fry concluded by a short blessing and prayer in French. It was a curious scene, and a solemn feeling pervaded the whole."

The following is from the history of her visit to Paris in 1838:

"On the 14th another visit was paid to the Women's Prison of St. Lazare. There, after going over the building, the women were collected at Mrs. Fry's request, that a portion of Scripture might be read to them. She chose the parable of the prodigal son. It was beautifully read by a French lady, from the Roman Catholic Prayer-book. A pause ensued, then

Mrs. Fry commented upon it; the same lady translated for her, sentence by sentence. It was exceedingly well done, losing little or nothing of its solemnity. The women were touched and impressed. She then asked them whether they would like ladies to visit them, read to them, and sympathise with them. The offer was eagerly accepted. 'Oui, oui,' 'Eh moi, aussi!' came from all sides; nor was it only these poor outcasts, or those accompanying Mrs. Fry, who wept; the jailor and turnkeys, who had entered the room contrary to her wishes, were so affected that tears ran down their cheeks. 'Elles ne sont pas pire que nous, ces pauvre femmes' (said an excellent lady for the first time brought into contact with such as these), 'seulement les circonstances sont toutes pour nous, et toutes contre elles.'

"This reading occasioned quite a sensation in Paris, for it had been said, that the wonderful effect of Mrs. Fry's readings in Newgate arose from her peculiar voice and manner, her skill in arresting the attention of her auditors, and her power to touch their hearts. She and others attributed it to the simple indwelling power of the word of God, and asserted that it would be found the same whatever national differences might exist, or by whomsoever the inspired word might be presented. The result on this occasion was decisive."

We had intended to have given other passages illustrative of the good Quakeress's character and modes of thought and feeling, though it must be confessed that every thing of the kind in her journals and her biographers' narrative is as vague, misty, and indefinite as the generality of writings of the same school. We have, however, only room for one or two paragraphs on the condition of our prisons, and of the happy results of Mrs. Fry's labours. We most truly believe that the pictures drawn in these volumes give but a faint idea of those dreadful dens of vice and misery into which our old laws consigned the victims of that ignorance and corrupting influence which is the inevitable lot of tens of thousands of the poor. None but those who knew them by a close inspection have any conception of their horrors, or are aware of the unspeakable wickedness which then reigned in the secret places of the land, even more than it reigns now. And while we cannot help smiling, even while we grieve, at Mrs. Fry's theological eccentricities, we would be the first to acknowledge the solid, practical, and *lasting* blessings which have resulted to British criminals of every grade through her courageous and indefatigable toils.

Here is a scene in Newgate unreformed:

"'The railing was crowded with half-naked women, struggling together for the front situations, with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. She felt as if she were going into a den of wild beasts, and she well recollects quite shuddering when the door closed upon her, and she was locked in with such a herd of novel and desperate companions.'

"Something similar must have been the effect on that faithful coadjutor in this work, Elizabeth Pryor, at rather a later period, upon seeing the women, squalid in attire and ferocious in countenance, seated about the yard. From the prison-door a female issued, 'yelling like a wild beast;' (these were Mrs. Pryor's own words;) she rushed round the area with her arm extended, tearing every thing of the nature of a cap from the heads of the other women. The sequel too is important; for this very woman, through the grace and mercy of God, became humanised, under the instruction of the ladies. After having obtained her liberty, she married, and for years came occasionally to see Mrs. Pryor, who considered her a well-conducted person, her appearance being always most respectable. A few other ladies gradually united themselves to those already engaged in the work, and the little school, in the cell of Newgate, continued for many weeks their daily occupation.

"'It was in our visits to the school, where some of us attended almost every day, that we were witnesses to the dreadful proceedings that went forward on the female side of the prison: the begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes; the scenes are too bad to be described, so that we did not think it suitable to admit young persons with us.'"

That the case of amendment here recorded was but one of a multitude, it is enough to give the testimony of a gentleman who was desirous of seeing and judging for himself of the effects of her experiment, and who visited Newgate just one fortnight after the adoption of her new rules:

"'I went and requested permission to see Mrs. Fry, which was shortly obtained, and I was conducted by a turnkey to the entrance of the women's wards. On my approach, no loud or dissonant sounds or angry voices indicated that I was about to enter a place which I was credibly assured had long had for one of its titles that of 'Hell above ground.' The court-yard into which I was admitted, instead of being peopled with beings scarcely human, blaspheming, fighting, tearing each other's hair, or gaming with a filthy pack of cards for the very clothes they wore, which often did not suffice even for decency, presented a scene where stillness and propriety reigned. I was conducted by a decently-dressed person, the newly-appointed yards-woman, to the door of a ward, where, at the head of a long table, sat a lady belonging to the Society of Friends. She was reading aloud to about sixteen women-prisoners, who were engaged in needlework around it. Each wore a clean-looking blue apron and bib, with a ticket having a number on it suspended from her neck by a red tape. They all rose on my entrance, curtseyed respectfully, and then at a signal given resumed their seats and employments. Instead of a scowl, leer, or ill-suppressed laugh, I observed upon their countenances an air of self-respect and gravity, a sort of consciousness of their improved character, and the altered position in which they were placed. I afterwards visited the other wards, which were the counterparts of the first.'"

Let us now give a specimen or two of her mode of viewing the Catholic religion, as she saw it in France. Considering the difficulty which every one who knows that religion only from without, will ever feel in understanding its real spirit and operations, we think Mrs. Fry is, on the whole, to be admired for her candour and charity. Nor can we forget that, to a Quaker, a fair judgment of a creed which makes so large a use of ceremonies and ordinances, would have been tenfold difficult. One can scarcely conceive the strange incongruity of a scene, where a stiff, precise Englishwoman, garbed in drab-coloured silk, her face shrouded in that supremely forbidding production, a Quaker bonnet, sat (for we cannot suppose that she knelt) and *investigated* the solemnities of a Grand High Mass! From Greenland to the Tropics is scarcely a greater change than from the worship of the "Friends' meeting" to the gorgeous ceremonial and brilliant music of a French church.

"I was a good deal instructed as well as interested, in visiting the Roman Catholic charities. The sacrifice that must be made to give up the whole life, as the Sisters of Charity do, to teach and bring up the poor children, and attend to the sick in their hospitals, is very exemplary; and the slackness of some Protestants and coldness of too many led me to think, that whilst on the one hand the meritoriousness of good works may be unsoundly upheld by the Roman Catholics, yet, that it stimulates to much that is excellent; and a fear arose in my mind, that the true doctrine that teaches that we have no merit in any thing that we do, is either so injudiciously represented, or so misunderstood, that in too many cases it leads to laxity as to sin, and a want of diligence in works of righteousness and true holiness. I was much interested in attending High Mass, but here I thought I saw something of the work of true religion under what appeared to me the rubbish of superstition and show. But I also thought, that much of the same thing remained amongst Protestants. I long to see true religion in its purity and simplicity, spread more and more to the glory of God and the peace of men."

"She was greatly attracted by the life and facility of the French character; in a letter she speaks of them as 'such a nation—such a numerous and superior people—filling such a place in the world—and Satan appearing in no common degree to be seeking to destroy them—first, by infidelity and so-called philosophy—secondly, by superstition, and the priesthood rising with fresh power—thirdly, by an extreme love of the world and its pleasures—fourthly, by an unsettled, restless, and warlike spirit—yet, under all this, a hidden power of good at work amongst them, many very extraordinary Christian characters, bright, sober, zealous Roman Catholics and Protestants, education increasing, the Holy Scriptures more read and valued, a general stirring to improve the prisons of France; the Government making fresh regulations for that purpose, but great fear of the priests prevailing, from the palace downwards; and they, alas! resisting all good wherever or however it may arise.'"

We can give but one more extract. It is a specimen of letter-writing, of a kind that, it is to be feared, rarely finds its way to the closets of princes.

"The close of the year 1834 was marked by the death of the Duke of Gloucester. He had been highly esteemed by Elizabeth Fry, from the time when quartered at Norwich, in the latter part of the last century, his Royal Highness was amongst the few who addressed words of friendly caution and sound advice to the young and motherless sisters at Earlham.

To the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, she wrote upon the occasion:

"Upton Lane, *Twelfth Month* 13*th*, 1834.

"My dear friend,—I hope thou wilt not feel it an intrusion, my expressing my sympathy with thee in the death of the Duke of Gloucester. To lose a dear and only brother is no small trial, and for a while makes the world appear very desolate. But I trust, that having thy pleasant pictures marred in this life, may be one means of opening brighter prospects in the life to come, and of having thy treasure increased in the heavenly inheritance.

"The Duchess of Gloucester kindly commissioned a lady to write to me, who gave me a very comforting account of the state of the Duke's mind. I feel it cause for much thankfulness that he was so sustained through faith in his Lord and Saviour; and we may humbly trust, through His merits, saved with an everlasting salvation. It would be very pleasant to me to hear how thy health and spirits are, after so great a shock, and I propose inquiring at Blackheath, where I rather expect to be next week; or if thou wouldst have the kindness to request one of thy ladies in waiting to write me a few lines, I should be much obliged.

"I hope that my dear and valued friend, the Duchess of Gloucester, is as well as we can expect after her deep affliction.

"With desires for thy present and everlasting welfare,

"I remain, thy attached and obliged friend,

"Elizabeth Fry."

Switzerland in 1847; *and its Condition, Political, Social, Moral, and Physical, before the War.* By Theodore Mügge. Edited by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. London, Bentley.

Mr. Theodore Mügge is a very pretty specimen of Young Germany. He hates every body and every thing that interferes with himself. He hates kings, he hates nobles; he hates the priests, he hates the Methodists; he hates the Jesuits, he hates the Calvinists; he hates Popery, and he hates Puritanism. Nor does he favour democracy one whit the more, when it pleases democracy to do what Mr. Theodore Mügge does not approve. Then he hates it as cordially as he hates bishops, nobles, and kings. In short, Mr. Theodore Mügge is as precious a tyrant in spirit as ever uttered cant about liberty and enlightenment.

Such is our judgment of the author of *Switzerland in* 1847, when he touches on matters of religion. When not thus excited to absurdities, he is shrewd, sensible, and observant; and has put together the results of his observations in the different cantons in a business-like and yet lively style, which stands in favourable contrast with the statistics of one school of authors and the rhapsodies of another. On religious topics, as we have said, he is beside himself. He is literally *blind* to the sincerity or the Christian intelligence of men of strict piety, whether Catholic or Protestant. Think of the inconceivable prejudice of a man who can actually see nothing to admire in the heroic benevolence of the monks on the St. Bernard, and who believes that all the thanks of the rescued travellers are to be given to their "*philanthropic*" dogs! This really passes the bounds of commonplace folly. After such a manifestation of bile, few readers will give Mr. Theodore Mügge much credit in his declamations about the hypocrisy, ambition, and ignorance of Monks, Jesuits, Priests, and Methodists. They will see at once that our author is one of those men who patronise religious theories, when they let the world go its own way unreproved; hugging themselves in the satisfactory thought, that none but a fool can suffer *himself* to be ruled by theological dogmas. In our author's judgment, Dr. Strauss would seem to be the most enlightened and the most ill-used of divines.

Enough, however, of all this prejudice and misrepresentation. We turn with pleasure to the better and far larger portion of these volumes. Their publication will certainly do some good in opening people's eyes to the real internal condition of the Swiss republic. Mr. Mügge is too honest a man not to tell the truth wherever he *sees* it; and we strongly recommend his sketches to every one who is inclined to go into raptures about Swiss liberty, Swiss liberality, Swiss honesty, Swiss intelligence, and Swiss nationality. To those who are tired of kings and lords at home, and who deem universal suffrage an instant remedy for all the ills of man, we suggest the consideration of a few of our author's observations. Nor will they, on the other hand, be entirely without instruction for our timid alarmists and anti-reformers, who are stricken with horror at the thought of a future extension of the elective franchise, and devoutly believe that universal suffrage means necessarily universal anarchy.

We begin a few extracts from Mr. Mügge, by quoting his view of the government of Zurich. Zurich, we all know, is the focus of Swiss liberalism; and the Zurichers, in their own opinion, are the most intellectual and enlightened people in the republic. Here they are, drawn by one as latitudinarian as themselves:

"But little religious liberality is to be found either in Zurich or in German Switzerland generally; for, although indifference as to the reality largely exists, forms remain, and are fanatically adhered to.

"The Zurich government may be regarded as a dynasty of lawyers, capable of legislating well on practical matters and questions of legal justice, but inclined to disregard all the nobler aspirations of humanity as idle dreams; and there seems little hope that in Switzerland any single individual should arise, the weight of whose name and character could form a centre of action and excitement throughout the country. No great national leader is possible in a country divided into twenty-five separate states, speaking four languages, possessing scarcely any means of amalgamation, but many strong elements of discord. No Washington could here arise, unite these opposing elements under one banner of freedom, and bind with superhuman strength the shepherds of Uri, the farmers of Tessin and the Grisons, the Genevese watchmaker, and the Basle millionnaire, into the same great league of Swiss nationality and unity. Cantonal jealousies and petty considerations are far too influential to render possible any one leader of united radical Switzerland. The President Neuhaus, of Berne, did indeed, after the revolt of Zurich, attempt to play this part, supported by the power of Berne, and armed with the courage and prudence of a true statesman; but he soon perceived how little could be effected by a single hand, which refused to follow the stream, and would not obey the will of a party. Thus it is, more or less, in all the cantons. Political men are held in consideration only as long as they will serve some distinct and powerful faction. They cannot lead public opinion and guide and rule the people according to their own convictions. No single man, however wise, however energetic, could carry out a system in Switzerland, as the minister of a king, or the chief of a cabinet, could do; for republics are ruled by parties consisting of a multitude of individual wills, each determined on the accomplishment of its own separate object.

"Nowhere is this more certainly the case than in Zurich, whose present lawyer-government is a true *juste milieu*, whence nothing great and bold can be expected to arise; it rests its claims on its defence of existing institutions, and is, in union with the majority of the rich and influential citizens, determined to uphold the constitution of 1838 against all retrogression, as well as against all innovations of ultra-democratic eagerness. Thus, although lawyers are here no favourites, their mediating influence is willingly submitted to, since it is found that they protect from injury and aggression, and secure the rights of all.

"Men of enlarged intellect and warm feelings are not to be expected in such a government; they would, indeed, be of little use, since Zurich would not understand, support, or follow them. We find, however, honest industrious men, well acquainted with their fellow-citizens; aiming at little, but knowing how to accomplish that little prudently and well. • •

"If in England or France universal suffrage existed, and, as in Zurich, every man of twenty could vote, and every man of thirty be elected a member of Parliament, or of the Chamber, we should soon have a Chartist Parliament at Westminster, and a Chamber of mechanics and peasants in Paris. It may therefore be supposed that the same thing must occur in Switzerland, especially when we consider the position of things in Vaud, as well as the last Genevese revolution, when workmen and mechanics really formed themselves into associations, and made bold communistic demands: but in German Switzerland there reigns a chilling, damping spirit of conformity to all old established customs, a reverence for wealth and its possessors; to which may be added, in Zurich, the dependence of workmen on the manufacturers; and, further, the subdivision of the soil, which places it in many hands; all which circumstances tend to give the great majority an interest in upholding all existing institutions. Thus the masses of the so-called free Swiss people remain in miserable circumstances, poor and disregarded, making no effort at social reform, and ignorant of the use of their political rights, which place such ample means of self-help in their hands.

"In nothing is the Zurich government more zealous

than in repressing all attempts to enlighten the people on the subject of their own position. No associations of workmen are tolerated; the foreign communists are persecuted and driven away. The Swiss manufacturers have, however, so little inclination for similar unions, and are so much accustomed to privations of every kind, as scarcely to entertain even a confused idea of any alteration in their lot.

"'What should we do without the factories?' said a workman to me; 'we are often hardly pressed, to be sure: but nobody starves in Switzerland. When things get too bad, the commune must give us help, or the government distributes corn. So we get on somehow; and we are much better off here than the linen-makers in Appenzell and St. Gall, who often can't get a bit of bread for months together, but live upon cabbages and potatoes.'"

Every day that passes we see more clearly the moral superiority of the English newspaper-press, as compared with that of the great continental states and of America. With all its grievous faults,—and grievous and many they are,—overwrought, over-stimulated, and headlong as is the spirit of our daily and periodical literature, little as it can do, except in the way of onslaught and struggle, yet, without the slightest national prejudice, we venture to say, that as a whole it stands far higher in respectability, decency, and uprightness, than any newspaper-class in the world. Compare it, for instance, with the publications of these primitive and pastoral mountaineers, and see how different are the productions of the smoke and levels of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, from the worthless ephemerals of the lakes and Alps and clearer skies of Switzerland.

"The press of Switzerland," says Mr. Mügge, "presents for the most part, it must be owned, a spectacle very little edifying, of perpetual encounters, in which the champions on both sides avail themselves of every resource which malice and intrigue, great or small, can offer as a weapon to attack a rival. If the language and conduct of the press be considered as a test by which the state of intellectual culture among a people may be estimated, that of Switzerland will hardly deserve a very high place; but much allowance must nevertheless be made for the circumstance that the greater part of the Swiss papers are written for simple country-people and citizens, who are best pleased with brief, sharp, and even coarse expressions. People of high culture and refinement are not very numerous in Switzerland; and these journals are commonly nothing more than mere trading speculations. Their contributors are wretchedly paid; regular editor there is perhaps none; the bookseller who owns the paper will write a little himself, or get some friends who are fond of seeing themselves in print to help him with their lucubrations. The paper is always intended to serve the purposes of some party or other, who send their writings to it gratuitously. Burgomasters, executive councillors, and presidents give utterance to their feelings and opinions in one; in another, the *ex*-burgomaster, *ex*-president, and *ex*-councillors pour out the vials of their wrath. All influential men, or those who wish to become such, find an organ, or set up one for themselves. But few of these productions exhibit much talent—the field is so infinitesimally small; but personalities, calumnies, and lies are poured forth in them without stint or measure. Here we are told how a Conservative parson said this and that, that he ought not to have said; there, of an executive councillor who has been seen drunk; or a Radical grand councillor who has had a thrashing from a peasant; or of a major or colonel who has been found out in peccadilloes that have had awkward consequences;—and the form and manner of these attacks is often as low and coarse as the matter.

"In the mere style of abuse the Conservative press has perhaps a little the advantage over its opponents; but this difference is fully compensated by additional malice, hypocrisy, and Jesuitism. The newspapers written in the French language, which appear in western Switzerland, are more decorous in their expressions; for the people of Geneva especially wish to be considered on a level with Paris in point of polish and refinement, and this ambition has at least the good effect of improving their external deportment; and it cannot be denied that in this particular the German Swiss are wofully deficient.

"In outward form these French papers are also much superior to the German. They are of a good size, printed well, and on good paper, whilst the others are miserable-looking little things, made of a sort of coarse blotting-paper. It is easy to see that a great object in their getting-up is that it shall be at the lowest possible expense. What might be called a leading journal, circulating all over Switzerland, does not exist; but perhaps the new *Zurich Gazette*, the organ of the present government, comes the nearest to it. It is written in a moderate tone, and seldom allows itself to be betrayed into any intemperate expression; but it has nevertheless been exposed to repeated prosecutions, for its discussion of the affairs of Lucerne, and other cantonal relations; but press-prosecutions are matters of common occurrence in this country, offering, in the absence of juries and in the existing state of the law, an easy method by which governments may punish their opponents.

"There are an immense number of these small Swiss papers, of all colours and shades, from the Jesuit mouth-pieces of Lucerne to the wild Radicals of Zurich or Berne, one of which lately, called the *Free Voice*, threatened the deputies who might be friendly to the Jesuits with a *drubbing*.

"The editor of this dignified print was formerly a member of the Executive Council, and is now an innkeeper, whose house is the *rendezvous* of the Radicals. Hither come burgomasters, and colonels, and judges, and deputies, to talk over what has happened, or lay plans for what is to happen; and curious enough it is, to a stranger, to find the most influential men in the country sitting in this way on a wooden bench in an arbour of a coffee-garden, and discussing public affairs over a glass of wine or beer. I have also met at these places men of high distinction in literature and science, amongst whom I may mention Professor Schnell, the author of the *Manual of Swiss Political Law*, and the celebrated Professor Oken."

Pass we on to notice one or two points in Swiss social and domestic life. Pie-crust has generally been counted a slight foundation on which to rear any great superstructure. It is the very emblem of fragility; yet the Swiss contrive to build many a large fortune on the flimsy base. The land which was once fertile in Tells and Winkelrieds is now prolific only in Gunters. Let us hear Mr. Mügge's account of their numbers and success.

"From Chiavenna a good road leads up to the Engadine, the valley of the Inn, which is long and spacious, and surrounded by snowy mountains and glaciers, which separate it from Italy and the Tyrol. But though thus cut off from all the world by this mighty wall of rock and ice, and lying at a height of 6000 feet above the sea, it is a green, pastoral land, with no less than 10,000 inhabitants. The mountain-sides are covered by great forests of fir, haunted by many wild animals; among others, by bears and lynxes; and on the Alps are chamois, and even steinbocks; but amongst the glaciers and vast piles of desolate, naked rocks, we find beautiful grass-lands; and in the bottom of the valley, fields of barley and rye, potatoes and turnips. The climate is too severe for fruit. The winters are long; for snow falls not unfrequently as early as the month of August, and the excessively small windows in the large and otherwise well-built houses shew the expectation of formidable attacks of cold. The entire *flora* of the country is that of a northern climate; and the air is so pure and dry, that meat, and even fish, will keep for months without corrupting. The inhabitants are a hardy and vigorous race, who immigrated in the sixth century. They live mostly as hunters and shepherds; but yet they carry on one, under the circumstances, very singular branch of industry. From these cloud-capp'd mountains and alpine valleys come most of the Swiss pastry-cooks and confectioners to be found in almost all the great cities of Europe, and even beyond the Atlantic; for they 'travel the earth's wide region round,' not to convert the heathen, but to make cakes and tarts for the faithful, and eke for the unfaithful also. How they first came to turn their attention to this branch of business, I know not; but they have now carried it on for many centuries. Their wealthiest citizens have all built their fortunes upon pastry; and what is perhaps rather remarkable, however rich they have become, they seldom fail to return to their native valley to pass the evening of their days. Some of these returned pastry-cooks do not pass all their time here; but it is their grand object of pride to spend enormous sums upon the houses, which they often build large enough to accommodate a prince and a numerous suite, fit them up with every accommodation and luxury, and then come from time to time with their families and pass some months of the year in being admired, and perhaps envied, by their poorer neighbours.

"They appear to make great profits by their trade, at least they all seem to grow rich; but it must be recollected that they are both very industrious and very frugal. The Engadiner may settle in Naples, or Petersburg, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or New York; but he always remains the same moderate, sober, industrious man; and, let him find his money accumulating ever so fast, is mostly to be found with his white apron before him at his kitchen-table, or waiting politely on his customers. His enjoyment of his wealth he is content to defer to the time when he can return home and build himself a house, if possible, larger and finer than any that have been built there before; and this he does in many instances while he is still carrying on his pastry-cook's business, so that the

fine house after all stands empty, and the master remains busy among his cakes and patties."

The state of things in Geneva with respect to game-laws may furnish a hint to our preservers of pheasants at home. A well-fed and well-paid peasantry do not poach. Degraded as doubtless is the general condition of the English poacher, yet in many and many a case his degradation has been the result of his poverty and misery. He first snared hares because he had not even potatoes to give to his famished children; and then he became hardened and shameless, and scorned the honest labour that perhaps better times offered him once more.

"Although there are no game-laws in Geneva, there is very little sporting going on; for the sufficient reason, that all the game to be found in the canton is in some private ground or another, where no one is allowed to trespass. Besides, the labouring population have little time for sporting: for, though they are mostly highly-skilled labourers, and earn good wages, prices are very high in Geneva, and their time is fully occupied in enabling them to gain the kind of subsistence which the Geneva watchmakers and artisans consider befitting their class."

We conclude with a quotation or two about watches and musical boxes, which, in many people's eyes, are the staple manufacture of Switzerland. We should like to hear one of the melodies of Hong-Kong or Nankin tinkling in our ears from a Genevese snuff-box.

"Upwards of 6000 persons are engaged in watchmaking and goldsmith's work, a large part of whom earn from thirty to forty francs and more per week. Large as is the number of workmen, there are scarcely any great manufactories in Geneva. The principle of division of labour is carried to a great extent in the watchmaking trade; and about eighty different mechanics, each devoting himself exclusively to the manufacture of a particular portion, unite their labour in the production of a watch. The workmen almost all do business on their own account, either working by themselves at home, with their families, uniting themselves in partnership, or clubbing together for the rent of a workshop and the use of such tools as they employ in common, at the same time that each works independently for himself as much or as little as he pleases.

"The most wealthy persons in the watchmaking trade are those who put the different parts together, and sell the finished watches. There, however, are not only labourers, but capitalists: some of them very large ones, as may be supposed, since in some houses in Geneva there are as many as 10,000 watches finished and ready for sale, all of these, moreover, very good and expensive ones, as the common kinds are not made there. The system of division of labour is an admirable one for the artisans, as women and children are all able to earn money by some particular operation in the manufacture. Children of ten years old earn five or six francs a week, and, after a little time, as much as ten or more. A great many of the women and girls support themselves by painting on enamel, or by engraving; and almost every member of a family contributes a portion towards the common stock. The worst of this trade is its sedentary character, and its trying effect upon the eyes, which completely unfits them for hard service after some time; so that there are few who are not thrown out of the trade in the course of a few years, and, as comparatively few of them save much money, they are too frequently reduced to poverty and distress in old age. It is seldom also that a fine, strong-looking man is seen amongst them. Most of them are small, meagre, and pale, from want of air and exercise, and from the constrained position in which they sit while at work. * * *

"I was told they send out their musical snuff-boxes, &c. as far as China. The first Vaudois watchmaker who presented himself and his goods to the notice of the fat gentlemen of Canton, carried with him, besides his watches a large collection of these musical boxes in gold, silver, tortoiseshell, &c., and his Chinese customers greatly admired them, and only regretted that their ears could not endure the disgustingly barbarous music they were made to play. (They played the best pieces of Auber, Mozart, and Rossini.) It was a pity, they said, that the red-haired barbarians knew nothing of the airs that were wont to charm the more refined ears of the Celestial Empire;—they could not purchase.

"The Swiss, however, was not to be so easily discouraged. He got some one to note down for him some of the quacking songs of the Chinese, sent the notes off to the Jura, and in another year there arrived a cargo of boxes capable of satisfying even the exquisite musical taste of the mandarins."

We have only to add, that the translation seems well done; at any rate, it reads well, and not like a translation, which is the grand desideratum in such books as the present. But what does Mrs. Percy Sinnett mean by saying that it is *edited* by her? Did she translate it, or revise it, or merely write some half-dozen brief notes, and a few paragraphs of introduction?

A Manual for the Study of Monumental Brasses. Oxford, published by the Oxford Architectural Society. London, J. H. Parker.

The Oxford Architectural Society certainly possesses the best sign of vitality, viz. *growth*. We do not mean that it gets larger in numbers, or more popular; but that its *fruits* steadily improve in quality and value. That it should have made now and then a mistake, and put forth a few trifles unworthy of its name and character, was but natural. All creatures blunder occasionally, both individuals and societies: in fact, those who never blunder, never do any thing great. This society, however, seems to be getting over its days of experimentalising, and to have felt its way to a definite line of action, and to successful work, on a larger scale than it has hitherto attempted.

The *Manual of Brasses* is unquestionably a vast improvement upon any book the Society has hitherto put forth. It is indeed just the kind of book which a private writer can scarcely undertake unaided. None but an association can command the means, or set the various heads and fingers to work, which are necessary for a treatise requiring the inspection of so large a variety of separate and distant works of art. An individual might with good reason give years to the study of a subject of more general interest and wider range; but a man must be fairly "brass-mad" (as some people really are) who could himself have spent the time and toil which have been expended in getting together and cataloguing some four hundred and fifty "rubbings." Our eyes are dazzled at the very thought of the awful expenditure of dingy white paper and heel-ball, which conspired to form the materials from whence this volume took its origin.

For ourselves, though very far from being "brass-mad," we have found the Manual an interesting and very valuable little treatise. It furnishes as authentic an outline of the progress of English costume, clerical, civil, and military, during several centuries, as we have ever met with; and it is put together with considerable method, good sense, and completeness. It is not in any way a mere picture-book, though it contains a large number of good woodcuts; but it furnishes a satisfactory compendium of "brass"-knowledge, which will give it a more permanent value than nineteen out of twenty of the got-up architectural and illustrated books of the day. Indeed, the plague of woodcuts is getting so very troublesome, that it is refreshing to meet with a volume which inserts prints really for the purpose of illustrating the text, and not merely to catch and amuse the eye.

The London publisher of the Manual has also, we see, another book in progress, to which we look forward with considerable interest. Professor Cockerell's work on the Sculptures of Wells Cathedral will, we trust, open people's eyes a little to the essential grace and beauty which was cultivated by the artists of the thirteenth century, and finally put an end to the nearly extinct devotion to deformity which a few years ago threatened to swamp all the rising admiration for Gothic art in the land. The sculptures which commanded the homage and veneration of Flaxman ought not to remain unknown, as they are, to all but a few admirers of those noble works.

The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems. By Henry Taylor. London, Moxon.

We now fulfil our promise of noticing the contents of the little volume before us, the title of which we prefixed to some general remarks upon poetry a fortnight ago. It consists of a few short pieces, the only one of any length being that which gives its name to the book, *The Eve of the Conquest*. We can imagine this poem, which is little more than a fragmentary piece, although it abounds in delicate touches of beauty, exciting a feeling of disappointment upon a first, especially if a rapid perusal. We seem to miss the strong touches,

the vigour, and the nerve, so eminently remarkable in Mr. Taylor's dramatic compositions. Neither has it the movement and interest of a sustained narrative. Further consideration will shew us that these were evidently not aimed at; while it has a beauty of its own, which grows upon us on a re-perusal. It is like a page taken out of life; with no apparent attempt to adorn or set it off, but producing its definite impression, as on the thoughtful man each page of life is calculated to do.

Indeed, it is worthy of notice, as a beauty of a high order, with how very few touches Mr. Taylor produces a clear image of persons and places; just as an eye-witness is able, in three words, to give you an idea of what must be more elaborately described by one who only retails second-hand. The fact is, he has the talent of being suggestive, and he avails himself to the uttermost of it, leaving his readers generally to fill up the picture for themselves. The few short lines in which Harold paints his brother Ulnoth, and the daughter of the Conqueror, Adeliza, are instances in point as respects persons.

"Last of the six in order, first in love,
Was Ulnoth, in the beauty of his prime,
Who seem'd a creature sent by God to fill
The world with love. A goodlier sight this Earth
Beheld not in its goodliest golden days.
A frank and friendly joy adorn'd his face,
Exuberant, but in its wildest mood
Forgetful of no courtesy nor grace
Of generous kindness dealt to high and low
Like rain and sunshine, affluent from the heart,
With no respect of persons, a good-will
That could not be contain'd. Ulnoth I loved
Next to thy mother, Edith, while she lived;
And when her spirit, purified by pain
Whilst here abiding, was translated hence,
I loved him of the living best. That love
I to this hour rejoice in and retain,
Not deeming what it cost me worth a sigh."

* * * * * *

"A woman-child she was: but womanhood
By gradual afflux on her childhood gain'd,
And like a tide that up a river steals
And reaches to a lilied bank, began
To lift up life beneath her. As a child
She still was simple,—rather shall I say
More simple than a child, as being lost
In deeper admirations and desires.
The roseate richness of her childish bloom
Remain'd, but by inconstancies and change
Referr'd itself to sources passion-swept.
Such had I seen her as I pass'd the gates
Of Rouen, in procession, on the day
I landed, when a shower of roses fell
Upon my head, and looking up I saw
The fingers which had scatter'd them half spread
Forgetful, and the forward-leaning face
Intently fix'd and glowing, but methought
More serious than it ought to be, so young
And midmost in a show. From time to time
Thenceforth I felt, although I met them not,
The visitation of those serious eyes,
The ardours of that face toward me turn'd."

Who does not feel on reading this, that he must, somewhere or other, have seen an Ulnoth or an Adeliza, or that at least the writer must have done so? The mutual relations of these with Harold, and of the latter with the crafty William, are described in a manner which we think matchless, for the number of ideas and the clear picture conveyed with so much brevity.

Mr. Taylor has chosen for the subject of his little poem a mysterious incident, never fully cleared up, and a personage whose real character, as seen through the mist of Norman prejudice, must ever remain doubtful. We allude to Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, and his visit, whether intentional, or accidental, as others will have it, at William's court, where the oath was extorted from him, which, coupled with his breach of it, has left a stain on his fair fame. Mr. Taylor has been perfectly at liberty, in this case, to fill up the incomplete picture out of his own imagination, and bring in those extenuating circumstances, which, though they cannot clear him from guilt, soften its harshest features, leaving the impression, very likely the true one, that Harold was one of those quasi-great men, who, failing sorely on some trying occasion, and having thus forfeited the palm of heroic greatness, which they might have won, are apt, by reaction, to sink too low in our estimation. Had Harold never visited Normandy, and had he conquered at Hastings, he would probably rank high at this day as a hero and a king, and deservedly above many of those brutal Plantagenets, whose vices we have often overlooked in the blaze of their chivalrous exploits and their energetic force of character.

We cannot, however, excuse the author's incidental treatment of the saintly Edward's character; because, though we do not, of course, expect the canonisation of the Church to be any convincing testimony in his eyes to the Confessor's virtues, yet he surely should consider the traditionary love with which his memory was so long handed down, as a strong evidence that he could not have been the mean and cowardly villain hinted at. Perhaps, however, Mr. T. does not hold himself responsible for Harold's opinions and words on the subject.

Our limits prevent us from quoting various beauties scattered along these pages. The two following must suffice:

"She knelt upon the altar steps alone,
In mourning loosely clad, with naked arms
That made an ivory cross upon her breast."

* * * * * *

"And she upon a mantle at his feet
Half sat, half lay, her face upturned to his,
Hands clasp'd across his knee."

The other shorter poems in this volume would well deserve a detailed notice. They have each a merit of their own. The charming little piece entitled "Lago Varese" is full of the warm breath and sunshine of Italy, like the peasant-girl's face so exquisitely described, and forms an agreeable contrast with the "Lago Lugano," from the more reflective frame of mind in which it is written, in similar scenes, sixteen years later.

We give an extract from each:

"I stood to see—the girl looked round—her face
Had all her country's clear and definite grace.

She rested with the air of rest
So seldom seen, of those
Whose toil remitted gives a zest
Not languor to repose.
Her form was poised yet buoyant, firm though free,
And liberal of her bright black eyes was she.

Her hue reflected back the skies
Which reddened in the west;
And joy was laughing in her eyes
And bounding in her breast;
Its rights and grants exulting to proclaim,
Where pride had no inheritance nor shame.

This sunshine of the Southern face,
At home we have it not;
And if they be a reckless race,
These Southerns, yet a lot
More favoured on the chequered earth is theirs,—
They have life's sorrows, but escape its cares.

* * * * * *

The day went down; the last red ray
Flashed on her face or ere
It sank—and creeping up the bay
The night-wind stirred her hair;
The crimson wave caressed her naked feet
With coy approach and resonant retreat.

True native of the clime was she,
Nor could there have been found
A creature who should more agree
With every thing around,
The woods, the fields, and genial Nature, rife
With life and gifts that feed and gladden life."

* * * * * *

"Thence we returned, revolving as we went
The lessons this and previous days had taught
In rambling meditations; and we sought
To read the face of Italy, intent
With equal eye and just arbitrement
To measure its expressions as we ought:
And chiefly one conclusion did we draw,—
That liberty dwelt here with Heaven's consent,
Though not by human law.

A liberty imperfect, undesigned,—
A liberty of circumstance; but still
A liberty that moulds the heart and will,
And works an inward freedom of the mind.
Not such is statutable freedom: blind
Are they to whom the letter which doth kill
Stands for the spirit which giveth life: sore pains
They take to set Ambition free, and bind
The heart of man in chains.

* * * * * *

O England! 'Merry England' styled of yore!
Where is thy mirth? thy jocund laughter where?
The sweat of labour on the brow of care
Makes a mute answer—driven from every door!
The may-pole cheers the village-green no more,
Nor harvest-home, nor Christmas mummers rare.
The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs,
And of the learned, which, with all his lore,
Has leisure to be wise?

Civil and moral liberty are twain:
That truth the careless countenances free
Of Italy avouched; that truth did we,
On converse grounds and with reluctant pain,
Confess that England proved. Wash first the stain
Of worldliness away; when that shall be,
Us shall 'the glorious liberty' befit,
Whereof, in other far than earthly strain,
The Jew of Tarsus writ."

Of the remaining pieces, which, for the most part, contain much beauty, we shall notice only two, not by way of selecting them as the best, but the one as a strong instance of Mr. T.'s suggestive mode of writing, and the other as failing—a rare fault with the author—in its truthfulness as a picture. The first alluded to is, "Ernesto," the object of which is, we conceive, not merely to shew the beneficial effect on the mind of sorrow and disappointment, but to point out the uses of crosses and disappointment in love. Ernesto in seven years has lived a life, and become another and a better man; while the same time has left scarcely a trace on her who had not shared the misery, but had perhaps had a hand in inflicting it. We may compare this poem with the remarks (page 76) in the *Notes of Life*, where the author quotes his own beautiful lines:

"If passion have ended, not in a marriage but in a disappointment, the nature, if it have strength to bear the pressure, will be more ennobled and purified by that than by success. Of the uses of adversity, which are sweet, none are sweeter than those which grow out of disappointed love; nor is there any greater mistake in contemplating the issues of life, than to suppose that baffled endeavours and disappointed hopes bear no fruits, because they do not bear those particular fruits which were sought and sighed for.

"The tree
Sucks kindlier nurture from a soil enriched
By its own fallen leaves; and man is made,
In heart and spirit, from deciduous hopes
And things that seem to perish."

We cannot pass over without censure one of the little poems in this volume, "Alwine and Adelais." It is intended to magnify the conjugal life above the monastic, or rather to condemn the latter, while it lauds the former; and we must say that it does so at the expense of producing, under the form of a vision, a picture which is an untrue one. Mr. T. has probably had little opportunity of really knowing that which he here unconsciously so sadly misrepresents. If the life of one of the spouses of Christ were really only the loveless and joyless thing he paints it, a mere crushing of the heart, and weighing down the body with privations, then indeed would all he says be true. That the affections of domestic life are so many means of training the heart to what is good, and leading it up, as by a golden ladder, to God, our supreme Lover and Sovereign Good, Mr. T. perceives most strongly; and in this he has hold of a great and precious truth. That to the many this is the allotted sphere, and that which best calls the spiritual affections into play, we are far from denying. But if God has some chosen souls besides, whom he desires to call, by a direct path, and no human intermediaries, to himself, and to an anticipation of the heavenly espousals—to an anticipation of that time when, as Mr. T. himself will grant, "they will neither marry nor be given in marriage," shall this be called a crushing of the heart and of the affections? Surely the time must come, when the deep connexion between reverence for the married state, and the still higher reverence for virginity, must strike so candid, so thoughtful and truth-loving a mind as that which the author evidently possesses. There cannot be a better foundation for the true Catholic doctrines of Christian perfection and virginity than a sense of the value and holiness of domestic ties and of the married state. The author is thoroughly imbued with the one; let us hope that it will lead him to see his way clearly to the other.

We conclude with a passage of high-toned sentiment from the "Lines written soon after the return of Sir H. Pottinger from China, in 1845."

"What makes a hero?—Not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants, and the loud acclaim
Of glutted avarice,—caps tossed up in the air,
Or pen of journalist with flourish fair,
Bells pealed, stars, ribands, and a titular name:—
These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul or set the heart at ease.
—What makes a hero?—An heroic mind
Expressed in action, in endurance proved;
And if there be pre-eminence of right,
Derived through pain well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse,—ingratitude and poisonous darts
Launched by the Country he has served and loved:
This with a free unclouded spirit pure,
This in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown:
This is the hero's complement and crown;
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still,
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts."

Aubrey De Vere's English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds. Murray.

We return to Mr. De Vere's book for the sake of two or three extracts, which utter in earnest tones a few truths, which cannot be too often urged upon those who have the power of alleviating the miseries, correcting the errors, and punishing the crimes of our sister isle. Mr. De Vere writes, of course, as an Irishman; but let it be remembered that he is one of those who shew, by their example, that it is not all Irishmen who spend their whole energies in talk, or who make what seems almost a boast of those sufferings which they themselves are too changeable to cure.

We recommend these money facts to those who look at our Irish difficulties chiefly with the pounds, shillings, and pence view:

"Day after day clever newspaper articles appear on the subject of the present monetary pressure in England; the result, it is said, of her gift to Ireland of 10,000,000*l.* The loan of 600,000*l.* to Irish railroads is also paraded before your eyes, the more to bewilder and incense you. I would not diminish the dignity of a man who 'hath had losses;' but I must inform you that this statement is an instance of that common form of 'Irish exaggeration,' of which the meaning is, exaggeration about Ireland. The empire, not you, gave us about 4,000,000*l.* not ten, and lent us something like the same sum, of which 2,000,000*l.* remain unspent. The last report of the Relief Commissioners states that, during the five months preceding the harvest, the sum they had expended in rations was about 1,400,000*l.* If Parliament had deliberated longer in 1846, or met again sooner, and adopted in time that very imperfect but very much improved relief system to which at last it was driven, my belief is that not much more than half the sum spent would have been found sufficient for the emergency. If you had not blundered in your Drainage Bill, it is not too much to suppose that 1,000,000*l.* would have been applied through the proprietors to the relief of the people, and the improvement of the land, on which all classes must ultimately depend. Another portion of the money spent might have been rendered reproductive if some really useful public works had been undertaken, and a moderate number only of able-bodied labourers employed on them. On the whole, then, my belief is, that an expenditure of 4,000,000*l.*, consisting of a free gift of 1,000,000*l.*, together with the loans to proprietors now successfully made, and loans for public improvements, each class amounting to 1,500,000*l.*, would have carried us through the ten months of our past distress. Still there is a difference between a gift of 4,000,000*l.* and 10,000,000*l.* Instead, then, of repeating, on all occasions—in the Houses of Parliament, in the market-place, and at church—that one deplorable wail about the money you have lost by us, remember, I beseech you, that if your vows were at once crowned, and your 'daughter (or sister) lay dead at your feet, with the ducats in her ear,' it is four millions only you could expect to find there, and not ten. You were for a long time spending almost a million a week on your own railroads. Between the years 1840 and 1847, no smaller sum than 257,800,000*l.* was sanctioned by Parliament for railroad purposes, of which 91,380,000*l.* has already been spent. Of the former sum not less than 124,500,000*l.* was

sanctioned in 1846, the year of the Irish potato failure and the Labour Rate Act. That expenditure, be assured, together with the deficient supply of cotton, has some connexion with the present pressure on the money-market. I would not have you, sir, despair about these 4,000,000*l.*, or be incensed with French newspapers, because, after their frivolous fashion, they affirm that your position as regards Ireland is not, as you would make out, a tragic one, but, on the contrary, a comic one, or, at most, a tragi-comic one. I have seen a calculation made by an eminent political economist, which demonstrated (and his treatise was written many years since) that your whole property, agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing, including all your capital invested, your machinery, &c., could not then have been worth less than seven hundred thousand millions;—in other words, England would sell for that sum if she chose at any time to call an auction. Now 4,000,000*l.* is only the hundred and seventy-five thousandth part of seven hundred thousand millions, being about the one hundred and eighty-fourth part of a farthing in the pound on this sum. Can even your England grudge us this fraction of the widow's mite? If she be troubled by such a loss (which, in spite of your assertion, I doubt), there is a better England which is troubled only by not knowing how to spend money in Ireland without doing harm as well as good there. Try if you cannot belong to this other England."

What follows is, doubtless, no "retort courteous:" whether it be the "retort true" it needs little wisdom to judge. It is a bitter commentary on the parliamentary proceedings of the last twenty or thirty years:

"You who object to our disloyalty, what do you mean by the word? If to revere our present institutions be a righteous loyalty, to how many of our institutions in time past can you point—

'Which it were not, by consequence converse,
A treason against nature to uphold?'

Loyalty means a reverence for law impersonated in rulers who may lawfully be loved. Why would you sophisticate that venerable principle into a servile affection for a perpetual sentence embodied in an unseen executioner? You who object to our poverty, why did you allow to the great mass of this people no other means of acquiring wealth than those of the gambler, the adventurer, and the miser? Why did you render it more natural for a poor man to grope for gold among ruins, than to win a hardy support by spreading his canvass to the winds? Did you think that our mother-wit was sufficient to squeeze oil out of pebbles? Habitudes, not expedients, enrich; and trade commits herself neither to a timid caution nor to an impulsive enterprise, but to courage and to a prudence which looks with its own simplicity to average results, the increase of equal laws. You who attribute to the Irish peasant a want of truth, why did you render it impossible for the Irish peasant to answer plainly a simple question, 'Where does your priest live?' But these faults are more than of your teaching;—they are your own. What can be more lawless than to leave a whole nation without laws? What policy ever called imperial was more beggarly than to make the subjects of your empire beggars? What could be more deceitful than to demand a nation's submission, and not in return to impart to it safety? You who accuse us of bullying, why did you accord to our agitation what you withheld from our patience and denied to your own reason? You who accuse us of sloth, what could be more slothful than to leave your vast national absentee estate to the tender mercies of the wicked and to the wisdom of the weak? You who accuse us of procrastinating, why did you, in later times, content yourselves with endless debating, instead of doing what was to be done? Year after year the same great question, Catholic Emancipation, was brought before you, an annual farce. Year after year the sages on one side of the House rose up, and wove the same flimsy tissue of transparent fallacies, with the same command of countenance and the same success. Year after year honourable gentlemen on the opposite side stood up, and by a sudden transformation made the same arguments assume the most opposite shape. 'They must not be citizens, because they were always rebels.' 'Lest they should be always rebels they must be made citizens.' Then you changed hands, and the series of transformations recommenced. What could Ireland gain from this grave game of political cat's cradle? You were not so slow in your conquest of India. In the enactment of remedial measures you were slower still. You who have a distaste to our barbarous levity under ordinary afflictions, why do you occasionally indulge in uncivil merriment at our extraordinary trials? You who chide us for being peevishly discontented with you, are not you greatly discontented with yourself? You who wonder at our bad agriculture, why did you think it sufficient to sow the dragon's teeth? You now advise our farmers to cultivate green crops: they are much obliged, and will do so if they can find time, space, and money; otherwise not. You think us presumptuous: how happens it that an English gentleman is filled with wrath when he hears the amount of an Irish rental, without having ever heard of the difference between an Irish and an English acre? Why are you shocked at the price paid for con-acre, without inquiring whether the land thus let out (and often let by compulsion) is manured land or unmanured, and whether the rent is paid in sterling coin or spurious labour? I must bring to an end this tedious historical catechism. Have you patience for one question more? You who turn in disgust from Irish poverty, slovenliness, and filth, why did you collect and why do you retain the whole fermenting mass of Irish pauperism, which would be your wealth if those paupers were spread over your colonies, a heap that threatens plague at the gate of your palace? A countryman of yours, sir, remarkable for his wit as well as his knowledge, but who never uses the former but for the delight, nor the latter but for the benefit of mankind, remarked when he first saw the hills of this country, often as blue as distant mountains, that 'the very air of Ireland had caught the trick of exaggeration.' Surely, sir, some of your less amiable fellow-countrymen, when enlarging on Irish vices, are themselves guilty of an exaggeration, which cannot be accounted discreet, considering how many of those vices constitute our only property in common. Am I beguiled by partiality, or can you have prejudices?"

If the picture in the next paragraph be the picture of a friend who loves too well to accuse harshly, we have yet little doubt that it is substantially life-like. If the Irish character is not in fact and in every instance what Mr. De Vere would paint it, we truly believe that a generation of good government,—not merely by the ministry of the day—for here there has long been a steady progress to justice—but from the landlords and their agents, and a settlement of the glowing heartburnings that arise from the great Establishment anomaly, would speedily transform the Irishman into all that he is here depicted.

"I have already recommended you to study the Irish, if you would learn how to govern Ireland; and though I cannot undertake to be your master, yet I would seriously advise you not to allow yourself to dwell only on the worst side of the national character. If you laugh at an Irish peasant's helplessness, remember that he is as willing to help a neighbour as to ask his aid, and that he has a remarkable faculty for doing all business not his own. If you think him deficient in steadiness under average circumstances, remember that he possesses extraordinary resource and powers of adaptation in an unforeseen juncture. If you think him easily deluded, remember that the same quick and fine temperament which makes him catch every infection or humour in the air renders him equally accessible to all good influences; of which the recent temperance movement is the most remarkable example exhibited by any modern nation. You accuse the Irish peasant of want of gravity: one reason of this characteristic is, that with him imagination and fancy are faculties not working by themselves, but diffused through the whole being; and remember that, if they favour enthusiasm, so on the other hand they protect from fanaticism. If you speak of his occasional depression and weakness, you should know that Irish strength does not consist in robustness, but in elasticity. If you complain of his want of ambition, remember that this often proceeds from the genuine independence of a mind and temperament which possess too many resources in themselves to be dependent on outward position; and do not forget that much of the boasted progress of England results from no more exalted a cause than an uncomfortable habit of body, not easy when at rest. If you think him deficient in a sound judgment, ask whether his mental faculties may not be eminently of a subtle and metaphysical character, and whether such are not generally disconnected from a perfect practical judgment. You are amused because he commits blunders: ask whether he may not possibly think wrong twice as often as the English peasant, and yet think right five times as often, since he thinks ten times as much, and has a reason for every thing that he does. You call him idle: ask whether he does not possess a facility and readiness not usually united with painstaking qualities: and remember that, when fairly tried, he by no means wants industry, though he is deficient in energy. You think him addicted to fancies rather than realities:—poverty is a great feeder of enthusiasm. You object to his levity:—competence is a sustainer of respectability; and many a man is steadied by the weight of the cash in his pocket. You call him wrong-headed: ask whether the state of things around him, the bequest of past misgovernment, is not so wrong as to puzzle even the solid sense of many an English statesman, not inexperienced in affairs; and whether the good intentions and the actions of those who would benefit the Irish peasant are not sometimes, even now, so strangely at cross purposes as to make the quiet acceptance of the boon no easy task. You

think him slow to follow your sensible precepts: remember that the Irish are imitative, and that the imitative have no great predilection for the didactic vein; and do not forget that for a considerable time your example was less edifying than your present precepts. You affirm that no one requires discipline so much: remember that none repays it so well; and that, as to the converse need, there is no one who requires so little of aid to second his intellectual development. The respect of his neighbour, you say, is what he hardly seeks: remember how often he wins his love, and even admiration, without seeking it. You think that he hangs loosely by his opinions: ask whether he is not devoted in his attachments. He seems to you inconsistent in action: reflect whether extreme versatility of mind and consistency of conduct are qualities often united in one man. You complain of the disposition of the Irish to collect in mobs: ask whether, if you can once gain the ear of an Irish mob, it is not far more accessible to reason than an English one. I have addressed myself to Irish mobs under various circumstances in the last two years, and encountered none that was not amenable. Ask also whether in most countries the lower orders have not enough to do as well as enough to eat in the day, and consequently a disposition to sleep at night. If half your English population had only to walk about and form opinions, how do you think you would get on? You say that the Irish have no love of fair play, and that three men of one faction will fall on one man of another: ask those who reflect as well as observe, whether this proceeds wholly from want of fair play or from other causes beside. Ask whether in Ireland the common sentiment of race, kindred, or clan, does not prevail with an intensity not elsewhere united with a perfect appreciation of separate responsibilities and immunities; and whether an Irish beggar will not give you as hearty a blessing in return for a halfpenny bestowed on another of his order as on himself. Sympathy includes a servile element, and servile sympathy will always lead to injustice;—thus I have heard a hundred members of Parliament (and of party) drown in one cry, like that of a well-managed pack, the voice of some member whom they disapproved, and whom probably they considered less as a man than as a limb of a hated enemy. Sympathy, however, often ministers to justice also, as you will find on asking an Irish gentleman whether he has not often been astonished at that refinement of fair play with which an Irish peasant makes allowances for the difficulties of some great neighbour, whose aid is his only hope.

"I have thrown out these few suggestions as to Irish character, not for the purpose of superseding your own inquiry, but to incite and direct it. You will find that character very unlike the gross notion of it which you may have formed from a farce at the theatre. You will find also that it is formed on a type extremely different from that of the English character; and that one reason why you are tempted to intolerance as to our faults and an inappreciation of our virtues is, that both happen to be the opposite of your own."

PAMPHLETS AND NEW EDITIONS.

A brief Inquiry into the Causes of the National Difficulties, and a few Suggestions for their Remedy: in a Series of Propositions, inscribed to the Right Hon. Lord Granville Somerset, M.P. By One of his Constituents. London, Dolman; Monmouth, Heath; Usk, Clark.

SEVENTY-EIGHT paragraphs, all numbered in order, proposed by "*Pro Patria*," for the purpose of inducing his countrymen to take the following steps:

A. To redeem nearly one-half of the national debt.
B. To put the currency on a steady footing.
C. To repeal the malt, soap, brick, and hop taxes; and
D. To injure no one.

Pro Patria is also against the issue of paper-money by private banks. Most people will agree with us that part of his scheme is practicable, and part very much the reverse.

The Gospel in advance of the Age. By the Rev. Robert Montgomery. Third edition, considerably enlarged. Edinburgh, Clark; London, Hamilton and Adams.

Two hundred and fifty more pages have been added to Mr. Montgomery's first edition. Few authors are more condemned and laughed at, and few people sell their poetry to more purchasers, than the Rev. Robert Montgomery. His present book is a vast deal too big and too controversial for us to attempt to get through it; especially as a glance shews the author's utter misconception of most of the doctrines he assails.

The Stranger's Guide at High Mass. London, J. Brown.

WE are glad to see a third edition called for of this very useful little book. It really *deserves* the sale it has rapidly commanded.

Strictures on Granta; or, a Glimpse at the University of Cambridge. By a Graduate. London, Richardson.

METHOD these *Strictures* have none. Their author rattles on through all he has to say with restless speed; zealous for the real merit of the University, but with a pretty keen eye for its absurdities and anomalies; he never spares the lash, but lays about him with very decided vigour as he rushes on through the crowd of the corrupt. If he has not method, however, he has *truth* on his side. No man who has had experience of the fundamental errors which pervade the systems of Oxford and Cambridge can doubt the general accuracy of his statements, or suppose them to be in the least degree exaggerated. We have already expressed our own conviction (RAMBLER, Jan. 22d), that the abominations which the newspapers from time to time unfold, and the more farcical abuses which the Graduate here depicts, are the result of a radical misconception of the very *essence* of the principles of University-education, on the part both of the authorities and the pupils themselves. All are agreed to look upon the Undergraduate as nominally, but not really, *in statu pupillari*. Hence the license, the drinking, the gambling, the racing, the hunting, the tradesmen's bills, the houses of ill fame, the town-and-gown rows, the pluckings, the rustications, and the expulsions, which dishonour these ancient seats of learning, and which, in the eyes of a vast number of lookers-on, are counted (unjustly) as the real and sole characteristics of the state of things that habitually prevails on the banks of the Cam and the Isis. Hence also, which the more acute observer cannot fail to see, the manifest incapacity of so many Oxford and Cambridge men to take their proper place in life, and to act as *men* in the exigencies of the time in which they are born.

We shall give an extract on the favourite topic of University tradesmen, as a specimen of the Graduate's style and thoughts:

"A few words on the said Cambridge tradesmen; they are doubtless (if there is *any* truth in their reiterated asseverations) a misused and miserable race: money *is* a thing so hard to get at—Undergraduates are such slippery individuals—they have such a profusion of 'bad debts,' and yet, in the face of all these objections, they willingly woo the evil they complain of: are they not, as it were, cutting their own throats? Do they not throng in giddy haste the rooms of a new member? Do they not thrust, *nolens volens*, their vile but costly articles upon him? Do they not din his ears with the consoling creed, that 'payment is a matter of no consequence,' and that the purchaser's convenience alone is to be consulted? What a delightful state of personal recklessness! What a charming species of disinterestedness! Perchance it is not a fact generally known, that the tradesmen of Cambridge, at the commencement of every October term, call and convene a general meeting among themselves; at this said meeting, the names, means, and expectations of their several creditors are duly canvassed and considered—the probable chances of payment reckoned by the practical theory of combinations—the various *amount* of bills are compared; on the strength of this annual and orthodox *Jewish* Council, measures and plans are concocted, either to push, *toute de suite*, for the total of items, urged in the comprehensive clause of 'bill delivered,' or to allow the same to remain torpid, in order that some few years after they may be resuscitated with the additional charms of compound interest. And yet, with all these pecuniary grievances, there is no place that I know of where a man can so well dispense with that *sine quâ non* of social life in an iron age, to wit *money*, as at Cambridge. I mean, of course, *for a certain time*. A definite interlude is allowed before the hounds are let loose! All mundane necessities, not to say luxuries, are supplied with a most commendable recklessness; obsequious Mercuries are ever on the wing, conveying with them, not messages from the gods, but merchandise from the traders. A man may get on a whole term, and never draw his purse-strings. Sovereigns are of no more use than they were in the 'Happy Valley,' or in Robinson Crusoe's island! Whoso wanteth a dinner, entereth in and feasteth, and cometh forth without even a sixpenny disbursement to the waiter! Commons go to the College-Bill. Toggery and trinkets are enrolled in the bulky ledger. His horse is fed on faith at the livery-stable; his wherry is housed by the waterman; in a word, all the nameless amenities of luxurious existence—all the most *recherché* appliances of civilisation, are provided without the owner being forced to produce a shilling. Nay, even (thanks to Rowland Hill) his *billets doux* are forwarded, *pre-paid*, by the collegiate porter! At the same time, I would not for one minute be guilty of any undue degree of harshness towards these adventurous traders; but I

would recommend to their supreme notice the good old maxim, that Honesty is the best policy; I would remind them that language was given them, as to all others, not for the purpose of concealing their thoughts, but rather to give an expression to their honest meaning; I would urge them to deal in truth, and not indulge in a crafty spirit of conventional cringing. And thus let us part with mutual good wishes."

Fine Arts.

An Essay upon various Arts, by Theophilus (*Schedula diversarum Artium*). Translated by Robert Hendrie. London, Murray.

UNTIL within the last few years the study of the mechanical processes that should be employed in the production of all works of decorative art has been grievously neglected; it is but lately that the important dogma has forced itself on the attention of all, that every distinct substance pressed into the service of the constructive arts requires a mode of treatment peculiar to itself, and applicable only to such other materials as may possess legitimate natural affinities to it. Thus in metal work, iron, brass, silver, and gold may all be worked with much the same tools; and consequently the detail of their ornamentation should have a common base; but as they differ in ductility, malleability, value, and association of idea, so should the design appropriate to each vary from that of its fellows, in exactly the ratio of those differences. It may, we trust, be now almost superfluous to point out the fact, that the mechanical and chemical composition of every separate item in the list of ingredients brought to bear in the arts of design, being various in condition and association, demand from all who would fitly take advantage of their characteristics, the greatest possible variety of treatment and expression. It is in this way that nature should exert over the artist her "subjective influence," and the constructive arts remain, as they always have done at the highest periods of their development, eminently "objective." We have all of us, no doubt, at different times, admired the lively fancies and endless variety of the mediæval artists; but few have sought the source of that ever-springing fountain in the thought that the reciprocal action of the study of the manufacturing process, leading of itself to constant progress and change, and a deep consideration of the peculiar nature of the material employed, of itself suggested constant variation in the exact form of the object elaborated.

To all those who would carry out this principle in the design of glass, metal, ivory, and decoration generally, the *Schedula diversarum Artium* is invaluable; to all who limit their efforts to the reproduction of departing and departed beauties, and to all that wiser brotherhood who are longing, out of this present chaos of art and art-principles, to eliminate something fresh, consistent, and beautiful, we would most earnestly recommend an attentive study of this collection of instructions. All would there learn, that nothing should be done poorly, meanly, inconsistently, or slothfully; that every material should of its kind be most excellent; and that the best of every thing, of intellect, of wealth, and of handicraft, should be brought to the service of art, and through her oblations, to the honour of Him in whom the harmony of all nature and art is centred.

Who this artist-monk Theophilus was, no one at present knows; and considerable differences have arisen, even among the most learned, as to his nationality, and the period at which he wrote. Lessing, Leist, Raspe, and Emeric David have ascribed to the treatise as early a date as the tenth century; while Guichard, Didron, and the Abbé Texier have fixed the twelfth or thirteenth century as the epoch at which Theophilus flourished. His English editor, Mr. Hendrie, has with considerable learning endeavoured to establish a claim for the early part of the eleventh century; but a careful examination of the text, and consideration of the state of the arts at that period, will rather, we think, induce the student to side with Monsieur Didron and his party. There certainly appear some grounds for believing him to have been a German; and no one can doubt the fact, that he must have resided both in France and Italy; in the latter country for a considerable period. He himself informs us that he visited Constantinople, and intimates that he acquired his learning at much personal risk—to use his own words, "ploughing the sea-waves with the greatest danger to life, consumed by the hardship of hunger and cold, subjected to the weary servitude of teachers, and altogether worn out by the desire of learning."

Mr. Hendrie's admirable preface presents the reader with a brief but brilliant sketch of the progress and development of art in connexion with the history of natural philosophy, previous to the age of Theophilus: he ascribes great influence in the advancement of both to the exertions of the philosophers and chemists of the Alexandrian or Neo-Platonic School; to those, particularly, of Ammonius (in the second century), of Plotinus and Jamblicus (in the third), of Tozimus the Panopolitan, the describer of the distilling apparatus (in the fourth); of Marie the Jewess, Synesius, and many more of the same school. It is probably in a great degree owing to their superior intelligence, that the Greeks were enabled for so long a period to maintain their supremacy in matters of manufacture, and in the possession of those recipes for artistic decoration which they transmitted traditionally with so much care, and on which they traded with so much success. The churches of Santa Sophia at Constantinople, and those at Ravenna, and in many other places, yet remain to give us some idea of their capacity for the production of monuments of great beauty and magnificence; and it was probably to their industry and ability that Europe was indebted in after-ages for the acquisition of the arts of the goldsmith, enameller, mosaic-worker, painter, glass-worker, embroiderer, damascene-worker, &c. While condemning the servility of their system of tradition, let us not then forget that it is to that very system, exercised in an age of unrecorded experiences, that we owe the existence of many of the instructions which Theophilus so elaborately details.

Muratori, in his great work on the middle ages in Italy, has printed a very curious manuscript of the eighth century, the recipes in which give a tolerable picture of the nature of art-manufacture among the Greeks at that epoch. It treats principally of the production of glass, and contains directions for dyeing skins and making many colours, varnishes, &c. The next manuscript in order of time, which has come down to our days, is that of Eraclius, *De Artibus Romanorum*, written probably previous to the year 1000, and particularly interesting as exhibiting some Byzantine characteristics, mingling with the ghosts of the old arts of the Romans, still haunting the site of their old labours and glories. This treatise "first proves the existence of the art of mixing colours with oil, and of the preparation of canvasses, skins, or panels, with colours ground in linseed oil, for the purpose of the reception of paintings, which were afterwards to be executed in colours ground in the same oil." As the mantle shrank away from the shoulders of the Greeks, it was transferred to those of the Arabs and Saracens, and from the ninth century to the thirteenth their learning in the details of decorative processes, in chemistry, geometry, and the arts of design generally, was perhaps superior to that of any other nation in Europe. It is not, however, to be inferred that because Byzantium and the Mahomedan school bore away the palm, that Italy and the northern countries had been altogether indolent. The arts of ivory-carving, glass-painting, and enamelling, were introduced at a very early period into France; Ireland and England were celebrated in the seventh and eighth centuries for their goldsmith's work and illuminated books, the former of the two having been then perhaps more venerated and respected than it has ever been since. With the dawning of the eleventh century, new life seemed breathed into the world of European art, and, as Mr. Hendrie tells us, greatly increased consideration and study was then given to the liberal arts, including "jurisprudence, geometry, logic, rhetoric, music or psalmody, architecture, and painting." He goes on to observe (quoting Ciampini), that at that epoch, such men as "Dunstan, Aldred, and Lanfranc in England, Robert in France, and Hildebrand at Rome, were encouraging the arts and raising and decorating churches, which the reverence for relics caused to be ornamented by sumptuous shrines and costly gates of bronze or silver."

The work of Theophilus contains, then, a summary of almost all the knowledge of Europe pertaining to the arts of design, as far probably as the year 1200; and a mighty boon it is to the student of mediæval processes, to be enabled to penetrate with this author into the arcana of ancient practice. To meet with a kinder or more enthusiastic guide would be impossible: his very introduction makes you love him; he takes you by the hand, and luring you on with the promise of every kind of knowledge, leads you to the acquisition of information, from which, but for his kindly manner, you might have turned away as dull or tedious. His style is earnest and clear; and most of what is excellent in the original Mr. Hendrie has conveyed in his very careful translation. The first book contains, in forty "capitula," as many recipes for the preparation and execution of all things necessary for painting in oil, fresco, and distemper, on wood, tin, mortar, and parchment; including the preparation of the colours, varnishes, &c.

The second book furnishes us with thirty-one "capitula," giving full and *working* directions for the manufacture of white and coloured glasses, into cups, vases, windows, &c.; and it details the art of painting with enamel-colours on glass most elaborately, including the formation of the gold-grounded mosaic, which formed so important an embellishment of all the Italian designs of the period.

The third and last division of the *Schedula* introduces us to the whole art of working the precious metals, and forming them into all the vessels fit and proper for the service of the Church; it treats partially also of the manufacture of iron, and gives clear particulars for the execution of ornaments in niello and enamel; it gives full instructions for the construction of the organ, the bells, and the musical cymbals. In fact, the three parts united present us with a clear account of every mechanical process necessary for the most elaborate and beautiful system of ornamentation; and we venture to affirm, that a clever workman provided with these instructions, and the requisite materials, would be able to produce the most exquisite works of art conceivable; and furthermore, that every process of manufacture he details, being simple, natural, and eminently *useful*, should be adopted as the base of the system of decoration to be employed in the design proper to every material he mentions.

It is but justice to Mr. Hendrie to add, that this translation has been made from the most perfect manuscript of Theophilus yet discovered (that which is now preserved in the British Museum); and that his learned notes contribute much to a just appreciation of the full meaning of the text.

Documents.

PROCLAMATION OF THE POPE,

PUBLISHED AT ROME ON THE 10TH INSTANT.

Pius P. P. IX.—The Pontiff, who in the course of two years has received from you so many proofs of love and faith, is not deaf to your desires, to your fears. We never cease to meditate within ourselves how to develope most usefully, consistently with our duties to the Church, those civil institutions which we established, not forced by necessity, but from the desire for the happiness of our people, and the esteem we felt for their noble qualities. We also turned our thoughts to the re-organisation of the army, before even public opinion demanded it; and we have sought the means of obtaining the service of foreign officers to aid those who honourably serve the Pontifical Government. The better to extend the sphere of those who can bring their talents and experience to bear upon public reforms, we had also taken measures to increase the laical part of our Council of Ministers. If the unanimous will of the Princes to whom Italy owes the new reforms is a guarantee of the preservation of those boons, received with so much gratitude and applause, we cultivate it by maintaining and consolidating the most amicable relations with them. Nothing, in short, which may be conducive to the tranquillity and the dignity of the State will ever be neglected, O Romans and Pontifical subjects, by your father and sovereign, who has given you the most certain proof of his affection for you, and is ready to give you more, if he be worthy to obtain from God, that He may inspire your hearts, and those of all the Italians, with the pacific spirit of his wisdom; but he is ready, at the same time, to resist, by means of the institutions already conceded, all disorderly violence, as he would also resist demands contrary to his duties and to your happiness. Listen, then, to the paternal voice that admonishes you, nor be moved by that cry that proceeds from unknown mouths, to agitate the people of Italy with the terror of a foreign war, aided and prepared by internal conspiracies, or by the malignant ignorance of those who govern. This is, indeed, deceit, to impel you by terror to seek public safety in disorder; to confound by tumult the councils of your ruler; and to prepare, by creating confusion, pretexts for a war that could never, by any other motive, be declared against us. What danger, in fact, can impend over Italy, so long as a bond of gratitude and confidence, uncorrupted by violence, unites the strength of the people with the wisdom of princes, with the sacredness of right? But we principally—we, the head and Sovereign Pontiff of the most Holy Catholic religion, should we not have in our defence, if we were unjustly attacked, innumerable sons who would defend the centre of Catholic unity, like the house of their father? It is, indeed, a great blessing among the many which Heaven hath imparted to Italy, that scarce 3,000,000 of our subjects have 200,000,000 of brothers of every nation, and of every tongue. This was in more dangerous times, and in the confusion of the whole Roman world, the safeguard of Rome. It is for this the ruin of Italy was never complete. This will ever be her defence, so long as this Apostolic See shall reside in her centre. Oh, then, Great God, shower thy blessings on Italy, and preserve for her this most precious boon of all, faith! Bless her with the benediction that thy Vicar prostrated before Thee humbly demandeth! Bless her with the benediction that the Saints, to whom she gave birth, the Queen of Saints, who protects her, the Apostles, whose glorious relics she preserves, thy Incarnate Son, who sent his representative upon earth to reside in this same Rome, ask of Thee!

THE NEAPOLITAN CONSTITUTION.

The following are the most important articles of the new Neapolitan Constitution:

Ferdinand II., by the grace of God King of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and of Jerusalem, Duke of Parma, Placentia, and Castro, Hereditary Grand Prince of Tuscany, &c.

In consideration of the sovereign act of the 28th of January, 1848, by which, complying with the unanimous wishes of our well-beloved people, we, of our free and spontaneous will, promise to establish in this kingdom a Constitution in conformity with the wants of the times, at the same time indicating in brief terms the fundamental bases of it, reserving to ourselves to give a formal sanction to it, and to make its principles correspond with the project which was to be presented to us in ten days by our present minister of state:

Desiring to carry into effect without delay this firm resolution taken by us:

In the dreaded name of the Most High God and of the Holy Trinity, of the God to whom alone it is given to read the depths of hearts, and whom we invoke as judge of the purity of our intentions, and of the frankness and sincerity with which we are resolved to enter in this new path of political order:

After having heard and fully examined the report of our Council of State:

We have resolved to proclaim, and we proclaim irrevocably, the following Constitution sanctioned by us:

GENERAL DISPOSITIONS.

Art. 1. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies shall be governed from this day by a limited monarchy, hereditary and constitutional, under a representative form.

Art. 3. The only religion of the state shall always be the Christian, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, and the exercise of no other religion can ever be permitted.

Art. 4. The legislative power resides conjointly in the King and in a national parliament, composed of two chambers, the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies.

Art. 5. The executive power belongs exclusively to the King.

Art. 6. The initiative in the proposition of laws belongs alike to the King and to each of the two Legislative Chambers.

Art. 7. The interpretation of the laws, as a general rule, belongs only to the legislative power.

Art. 8. The Constitution guarantees the complete independence of the judicial order for the application of the laws in the cases which may arise.

Art. 10. Foreign troops cannot be admitted in the service of the state, except in virtue of a law; but existing conventions shall nevertheless be always respected. Nor shall foreign troops, without an explicit law, be permitted to occupy or to traverse the territory of the kingdom, with the exception, however, of the passage of the Pontifical troops from the Neapolitan States to Benevent and Pontecorvo, according to the manner established by usage.

Art. 12. In all parts of the kingdom there shall be a national guard, the organic formation of which shall be determined by a law. In this law the principle that the different grades, up to that of captain, shall be conferred by the election of the national guards themselves, shall not be departed from.

Art. 13. The public debt is recognised and guaranteed.

Art. 14. No sort of tax, including the communal taxes, can be established, except in virtue of a law.

Art. 15. Freedom from taxation can only be accorded in virtue of a law.

Art. 16. The direct taxes shall be voted annually by the Legislative Chambers; the indirect taxes may be voted for several years.

Art. 17. The Legislative Chambers shall vote the budget every year, and examine the accounts thereof.

Art. 20. The right of petition belongs, without distinction, to every body, but petitions can only be addressed to the Legislative Chambers in writing; they shall not be allowed to be presented in person.

Art. 24. Individual liberty is guaranteed. No one can be arrested, except in virtue of a warrant emanating from the competent authority, and in conformity with the laws, except in the case of *flagrante delicto*, or what approaches thereto. In the event of preventive arrest, the person arrested must be taken before the competent authority, in a period not exceeding 24 hours; and the motives of his arrest shall be communicated to him.

Art. 25. No one can be taken against his will before any other judge than is appointed by the law. Other penalties than those established by the laws cannot be inflicted on guilty persons.

Art. 29. The secret of letters is inviolable. The responsibility of the post office agents for violating the secret of letters shall be determined by a law.

Art. 30. The press shall be free, and only submitted to a repressive law, which shall be adopted, relative to all which may offend religion, morality, public order, the King, the Royal Family, foreign sovereigns, their families, as also the honour and interest of private individuals.

Art. 31. The past shall remain covered with an impenetrable veil. All condemnations pronounced heretofore for political offences are annulled, and all prosecution is forbidden for events which may have occurred up to this day.

CHAPTER I.—OF THE LEGISLATIVE CHAMBERS.

Art. 34. The discussions of the Legislative Chambers are public, except in cases in which, on the proposition of the President, and on the demand of a deputy, supported by ten others, the Chamber may decide on forming itself into committee.

Art. 35. In the Legislative Chambers propositions shall be adopted by the plurality of votes; the voting shall be public.

Art. 38. The Ministers Secretaries of State may present the bills with which they are charged either to one or to the other of the two Legislative Chambers. But bills establishing taxes of all kinds, or referring to the formation of the budget, must be first presented to the Chamber of Deputies.

Art. 41. The members of the two Legislative Chambers are inviolable with respect to opinion, and votes given in the exercise of their high functions. They cannot be arrested for debt during the duration of the legislative session, nor during the month which precedes and that which follows it; they cannot be arrested in criminal matters, except in the case of *flagrante delicto*, or what approaches thereto, except with the authorisation of the Chamber to which they belong.

CHAPTER II.—CHAMBER OF PEERS.

Art. 43. The peers are nominated for life by the King, who shall choose among them the President and Vice-President of the Chamber for as long as he may think right.

Art. 44. The number of peers is unlimited.

Art. 45. To be a peer, a person must be a citizen, and of 30 years of age.

Art. 46. The princes of the blood are peers by right, and take rank immediately after the President. They may enter the Chamber at the age of 20, but cannot vote before the age of 30.

Art. 47. The following may be raised to the dignity of peers:—1. All those who for eight years may have enjoyed an income of 3000 ducats. 2. The Ministers Secretaries of State, and the Councillors of State. 3. Ambassadors after three years, and Ministers-Plenipotentiaries after six years' service. 4. Archbishops and Bishops, not exceeding ten in number. 5. Lieutenants-General, three Admirals, Major-General, and Rear-Admirals. 6. Presidents of the Chamber of Deputies after five years' service. 7. The President and Procurator-General of the Supreme Court of Justice, and the President and Procurator-General of the High Court of Accounts, after three years in office. 8. The Vice-Presidents and Advocates-General of the Supreme Court of Justice and the High Court of Accounts, after three years in office. 9. The Presidents and Procurators-General of the High Civil Court, after four years' service. 10. The General President of the Bourbon Society. 11. The Presidents of the three Academies of which the Bourbon Society is composed, after four years in office.

Art 48. The Chamber of Peers may form itself into a high court of justice, to judge crimes of high treason, and of an attempt against the safety of the state, of which the members of the two Legislative Chambers may be accused.

CHAPTER III.—CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

Art. 49. The Chamber of Deputies is composed of all those who, elected by a majority of votes, receive their legitimate mandate from their constituents.

Art. 50. The deputies represent the nation in its *ensemble*, and not the provinces in which they are elected.

Art. 51. The duration of the Chamber of Deputies is five years, consequently their mandate will not expire until that time.

Art. 54. One deputy shall be elected for every 40,000 souls. The electoral law will determine the mode which is to be followed, in order to secure, as much as possible, the representation when there shall be an excess or a falling off in the population.

Art. 55. In order to be an elector, and eligible, it is necessary to be a citizen, to be 25 years of age, not to be in an insolvent state, or to have incurred any criminal judgment.

Art. 56. The following are electors: 1. All those who possess an income subject to taxation, and the amount of which shall be determined by the electoral law. 2. The ordinary members of the three Royal Academies, composing the Bourbonean Society, and the ordinary members of the other Royal Academies. 3. The Titular Professors at the Royal University, and at the public Lyceums authorised by the law. 4. The Laureat Professors of the Royal University, in the different branches of the sciences, letters, and fine arts. 5. The Decurions, Syndics, and Adjoints, in the communes, who are in the exercise of their functions. 6. Public functionaries on the retired lists, enjoying a pension of 125 ducats, and officers of all branches of the military service enjoying a retiring pension.

Art. 57. The following are eligible to be elected: 1. All those who possess a revenue, subject to taxation, of the amount to be determined by the electoral law. 2. The ordinary members of the three Academies, forming the Bourbonean Society, the Titular Professors of the Royal University, and the ordinary members of the other Royal Academies.

Art. 58. The immovable public functionaries, the secular ecclesiastics, which do not belong to the congregations organised under regular and monastic forms, may be electors, and eligible when they shall fulfil the determinate conditions in the three preceding articles.

Art. 60. Any deputy who shall accept from the government an employment or promotion, must be subject to re-election.

CHAPTER IV.—OF THE KING.

Art. 63. The King is the supreme head of the state; his person is sacred and inviolable, and subject to no kind of responsibility. He commands and disposes of the land and naval forces; he appoints to all employments in the government; he confers titles, decorations, and honorary distinctions of all kinds. He pardons prisoners, and remits or commutes sentences. He maintains the integrity of the kingdom; he declares war, and concludes peace. He negotiates treaties of alliance and commerce, and calls for the adhesion of the Legislative Chambers before they are ratified. He exercises apostolic delegation, and all the rights of the royal patronage of the crown.

CHAPTER V.—OF THE MINISTERS.

Art. 71. The Ministers are responsible.

Art. 72. All the acts signed by the King are not in force until they are countersigned by a Minister Secretary of State, who alone is responsible for it.

Art. 73. The Ministers have a free admission into the Legislative Chambers, and are to be heard when they demand it; but they cannot vote unless they form part of the Chambers as peers or deputies. The Chambers may demand that the Ministers shall be present at the discussions.

Art. 74. The Chamber of Deputies alone has the right to impeach Ministers for acts for which they are responsible. The Chamber of Peers alone is competent to try them.

Art. 76. The King cannot pardon Ministers when condemned, without an explicit demand being made from one of the two Legislative Chambers.

CHAPTER VI.—OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

Art. 77. The number of members composing the Council of State cannot exceed 24. These members must be citizens, having the free exercise of their rights; foreigners will be excluded from it, even those who may have obtained the right of citizenship.

Art. 79. The King names the Councillors of State.

Art 80. The Council of State is instituted to give its advice on all affairs submitted to its examination, in the name of the King, by the Secretaries of State.

CHAPTER VII.—OF THE JUDICIAL ORDER.

Art. 84. The sittings in the tribunals are to be public.

When a tribunal considers that publicity would be contrary to public morality, it is to declare it by a judgment, which shall be rendered unanimously in matters of political offence or offences of the press.

Art. 85. In the judicial order the magistrates shall be immovable, but they shall not be so until they shall have been newly appointed under the provisions of the Constitution, and have exercised the magisterial functions during three consecutive years.

Art. 86. The agents of the public Minister at the courts and tribunals are essentially liable to removal.

(Signed) FERDINAND.

Countersigned by all the Ministers.

Naples, Feb. 10, 1848.

PASTORAL OF THE VICARS APOSTOLIC OF ENGLAND.

To our beloved Brethren and Children in Jesus Christ, the Catholic Clergy and Laity of England, the Vicars Apostolic, greeting.

DEARLY BELOVED,—We conjointly address you on the important subject of the education of the children of the poor, and we doubt not that you will fully participate in our solicitude for the accomplishment of this great, urgent, and necessary work.

We beg to remind you that one of the most insidious and most dangerous persecutions the Church of God ever sustained was that which was devised by the apostate Emperor Julian. He thought it was impossible to destroy the Catholic religion so long as her members were well educated, and so long as the Church could array in her defence her Gregories and her Basils. Hence this persecutor framed a decree, unexampled before his time in the annals of tyranny, which, under the severest penalties, forbade all Christians—or Galileans, as he impiously called them—to attend the schools of grammar, &c. The insidious scheme of the apostate Julian was again adopted in the reign of Elizabeth, in order to decatholise this our native country. The noble and well-endowed universities and public schools, erected and endowed by our Catholic ancestors, were then seized upon and rigorously closed against all adherents to the ancient faith. Nor was this severe privation deemed sufficient. Catholics were forbidden, under severe penalties, either to provide an education for their children at home or procure it for them in foreign lands. It was then enacted, that if any Catholic should keep or maintain a schoolmaster, he should forfeit 10*l.* per month, and the schoolmaster should suffer imprisonment for one year; that Catholics directly or indirectly contributing to the maintenance of Catholic seminaries beyond the seas should forfeit their lands and possessions, and be consigned to prison during the pleasure of the Sovereign; and that no Catholic should send his child for education beyond the sea, without special license, under forfeiture of one hundred pounds for every such offence.—*Vide Statutes* 23 *and* 27 *of Elizabeth.*

Dearly beloved brethren and children in Jesus Christ, the Catholics of the British empire have great reason to lift up their hearts in gratitude to Him who is the Ruler of kingdoms and of empires, and to thank Him that this cruel persecuting state of things no longer endures and disgraces our land. We rejoice to see that our holy religion is once more spreading its branches over this kingdom; that many and illustrious converts have lately returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church; that many new chapels have in all directions been lately erected; and that many of the old-established congregations have doubled their numbers. Seeing, with gratitude, our holy religion progressing, released as we now are from the oppression of the penal code, and placed now on a level with our fellow-countrymen, it behoves us to attend to the striking change in our position. One of the first moving appeals made to us is from our poorest brethren in behalf of their uneducated children. The munificent endowments provided by our Catholic ancestors for the education of the children of the poor were seized by the civil power about three hundred years ago, and transferred to a hitherto unknown system of Christianity, for which they were not designed. We cannot derive assistance for the education of the children of the poor from these ancient Catholic endowments; and we have no resource but feelingly and emphatically to appeal to you, dearly beloved brethren and children in Jesus Christ, the Catholics of England, for the means to enable us to give a good and religious education to the children of our poorest brethren. We have been placed by Almighty God watchmen on the towers of his holy city. It is not for us to slumber nor to sleep. We clearly see and deeply lament the very general and most pressing want of a religious education for the children of the poor in our respective districts; and with our united voice we now proclaim to you, with all the earnestness of our souls, that on the success of this our common effort in behalf of the children of the poor, not only our religious progress and prosperity, but also the eternal salvation of thousands does depend.

Whilst we thus speak to all our beloved people in general, we do still more particularly, emphatically, and affectionately, call on our dearly beloved clergy, secular and regular, to use their best endeavours towards the accomplishment of this great work of charity. On their zealous and united co-operation chiefly depends the success of this charitable undertaking.

We hereby direct, that a collection be made in every Catholic church and chapel throughout England and Wales, on such Sunday of the ensuing summer as shall be by each of us subsequently appointed, for the educating of the children of the Catholic poor. All individual subscriptions and congregational collections are to be transmitted by the clergy to the Catholic Poor-School Committee, established by us. All applications for Government aid, either to erect or to support Catholic poor-schools, must be made through that same Committee.

As this great and holy work may be accomplished by your general and cordial co-operation, in conclusion, dearly beloved brethren and children in Jesus Christ, we most earnestly exhort you all zealously to assist us in the promotion of this great public good. Exert yourselves vigorously and unanimously. Success will attend your efforts, and the attainment of the great object we propose, whilst it will impart unspeakable consolation to us, will confer abundant graces and blessings on yourselves, your children, and your country. "The grace of Jesus Christ, the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."

✣ THOMAS WALSH,
Bishop of Cambysopolis, V.A. in the Central District.

✣ JOHN BRIGGS,
Bishop of Trachis, V.A. in the District of York.

✣ NICHOLAS WISEMAN,
Bishop of Melipotamus, Pro V.A. in London District.

✣ GEORGE BROWN,
Bishop of Tloa, V.A. in the Lancashire District.

✣ JAMES SHARPLES,
Bishop of Samaria, Coadjutor.

✣ WILLIAM WAREING,
Bishop of Ariopolis, V.A. in the Eastern District.

✣ THOMAS BROWN,
Bishop of Apollonia, V.A. in the District of Wales.

✣ WILLIAM ULLATHORNE,
Bishop of Hetalona, V.A. in the Western District.

WILLIAM HOGARTH,
V.G., Administrator of the Northern District.

York, 15*th Feb.* 1848.

Miscellanies.

LORD MORPETH ON THE COST OF SANITARY NEGLECT.

I HAPPENED to find in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review* an article of great ability, but written with the apparent intention of convicting of exaggeration the more earnest advocates of sanitary reform. In many instances sanitary writers and speakers would be able to make good their ground. But I am ready to allow the deductions from their statements demanded by this, I will not say hostile, but most rigid censor. After reviewing the calculations of the difference of mortality in different districts of the country, he says:

"The conclusions to which our examination of sanitary tests and estimates has led us are the following:—1. That the advocates of sanitary reform are justified in assuming 2 per cent as the rate to which the mortality of all towns, and *à fortiori* of the country at large, may, by proper sanitary measures, be reduced. 2. That there are fair grounds for assuming for the whole of the population a still more favourable rate of mortality. 3. That the estimated annual sacrifice of 35,000 lives in England and Wales, and of upwards of 60,000 in the United Kingdom, is not greatly exaggerated; and that a more moderate estimate of 30,000 for England and Wales, and 51,000 for the United Kingdom, may be very safely assumed. 4. That the estimated amount of sickness, like the estimated waste of life expressed in years, has been somewhat exaggerated by the advocates of sanitary reform; that 20 cases of unnecessary sickness to 1 unnecessary death is a safer proportion to assume than 28 to 1; and that the total cases of unnecessary sickness will have to be reduced accordingly."

He admits, therefore, that there is an annual waste of 30,000 lives which we could prevent, and that there are 20 cases of unnecessary sickness for each of those deaths. He goes on to say:

"The annual waste of life and sacrifice of health reduced to equivalents in pounds, shillings, and pence, under the heads of sickness, funerals, and labour lost, is represented by a grand total for England and Wales of 14,873,931*l.*, or little less than 15,000,000*l.* sterling. Of this enormous total the metropolis contributes very nearly 2,000,000*l.*, and Lancashire upwards of 4,000,000*l.* The standards of comparison employed in these calculations are the rate of mortality and average age at death in the most healthy registration-district

of each county; the ages of the living being disregarded, and the rates of sickness to death being taken as 1 to 28. If this essential element of age had been taken into account, if the more moderate standard of 2 per cent had been substituted for the perhaps too favourable mortality of the most healthy district, and if the ratio of 1 to 28 between deaths and cases of sickness had been made to suffer some abatement, it is not impossible that these 15,000,000*l.* might be reduced to considerably less than half. Possibly the total waste of money might not exceed the sum annually raised in the shape of poor-rates."

I wish to state the case as fairly as possible:

"The calculations published in the tables of the Health of Towns Association embrace only three heads — funerals, sickness, and labour wasted. Orphanage and widowhood, which impose a perpetual burden on the poor-laws of about 50,000 women and children, and an annual burden which, though not yet ascertained, cannot but be considerable, are not taken into the account. Then there is another enormous item of waste or misappropriation of money not contained in these tables—namely, the sums squandered in the shape of defective and costly structural arrangements above and below ground."

I will not fatigue the house by going through the details:

"What all these barbarisms have cost and are costing us it would be difficult to say; but that they amount to several millions a-year, no reasonable man can doubt. We refer our readers to the reports of the Health of Towns Commission, and the publications of the Health of Towns Association, for particulars. If they appear exaggerated, let them halve or quarter every item, and there will still remain the most remarkable *exposé* ever yet made of municipal and national extravagance. One broad principle may be safely enunciated in respect of sanitary economics,—that it costs more money to create disease than to prevent it; and that there is not a single structural arrangement chargeable with the production of disease, which is not also in itself an extravagance."

"It costs more money to create than to prevent them" (*cheers*). I am willing to discard the higher computation, and to take the lower. I am willing to take the most reduced scale which ingenuity applied to the subject can suggest; and if it be true that in England and Wales there are 30,000 lives lost in the year, which we can save, and that 7,000,000*l.* or 8,000,000*l.* are spent in consequence, which we can retrench, —if we can make this position good, to despair of a remedy would prove our folly no less than our crime (*cheers*). The most authentic information on this subject is considered to be contained in the quarterly returns of the registrar-general. The returns for the last quarter have just been published, and I find in that document the following statement:

"The quarterly returns are obtained from 117 districts, subdivided into 582 sub-districts. 36 districts are in the metropolis, and the remaining 81 comprise, with some agricultural districts, the principal towns and cities of England. The population was 6,612,800 in 1841. 57,925 deaths were registered in the last quarter. The average number of deaths deduced from the returns of the corresponding quarter of nine preceding years, and corrected for increase of population, is 46,509. There is, consequently, an excess of 11,376 deaths in the quarter. The deaths registered in the December quarters of 1845, 1846, and 1847, are 39,291, 53,093, 57,925; the mortality in the first is to that of the last quarter nearly as 2 to 3. A slight increase in the mortality was noted in the returns of the June quarter 1846; the mortality in the following hot summer, when the potato-crop failed, was excessive. Cholera and diarrhœa prevailed epidemically. In the autumn of 1846, as well as the winter and spring quarters of 1847, the mortality was still higher. Scurvy prevailed in the beginning of the year; but in the summer the public health appeared to be slightly improved. Epidemics of typhus and influenza, however, set in; and have made the mortality in the last quarter of 1847 higher than in any quarter of any year since the new system of registration commenced."

IMPORTANT POST-OFFICE REGULATION FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF BOOKS.—The following instructions have been issued by command of the Postmaster-General:—"On and after the 21st of February instant, printed books, magazines, reviews, and pamphlets (whether British, colonial, or foreign), may be transmitted by the post within the United Kingdom at the following reduced rates of postage, viz.:

For each packet not exceeding 1lb. in weight	.	0*s.* 6*d.*
Exceeding 1lb. and not exceeding 2lb.	„ . .	1 0
Exceeding 2lb. and not exceeding 3lb.	„ . .	1 6

and so on; 6*d.* being charged for every complete pound, or for any additional fraction of a pound. Provided, however, that the following conditions be carefully observed:—1st. Every such packet must be sent without a cover, or in a cover open at the ends or sides. 2d. It must contain a single volume only (whether printed book, magazine, review, or pamphlet), the several sheets or parts thereof, when there are more than one, being sewed or bound together. 3d. It must not exceed two feet in length. 4th. It must have no writing or marks upon the cover, or its contents, except the name and address of the person to whom it may be sent. 5th. The postage must be pre-paid in full, by affixing outside the packet or its cover the proper stamps. If any or either of the above conditions be violated, the packet must be charged as a letter, and treated as such in all respects. To prevent any obstacles to the regular transmission of letters, any officer of the Post-office may delay the transmission of any such packet for a time not exceeding twenty-four hours from the time at which the same would otherwise have been forwarded by him. The transmission of these packets is restricted to such as are sent between places within the United Kingdom, and by the post of any post-town in the United Kingdom; and these instructions are not to extend to or interfere with the transmission of printed votes and proceedings of Parliament, or of newspapers or of packets sent to or from places beyond the seas."

THE INCOME TAX.—The excitement now pervading all classes concerning this impost renders any information connected with it of importance. Mr. Ray Smee states that the amount raised by the present tax is produced from 500,000 persons only, who each pay on an average rather more than 10*l.* per annum. Upon this small proportion of the tax-paying population, therefore, would the proposition of Lord John Russell fall. The extension of this tax to incomes between 150*l.* and 50*l.* would increase the number taxed to a total of 2,300,000 out of a population (above 20 years of age) of 11,000,000. The average payment of the latter class would be under 3*l.* each, and would produce an additional 5,180,000*l.*

DECAYED CONDITION OF HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.—A correspondent of the *Builder* thus writes on the state of this celebrated structure:—"I do indeed believe that, unless some means are taken to stay the progress of decay in the exterior stonework of the structure, in twenty years it will be a ruin. Casting our eye upwards from the basis of several of the buttresses on the side nearest St. Margaret's Church, with a favourable light, it will be seen that the whole of the stonework, in three large compartments, is one mass of decay,—the surface of it, at least. The features of many of the images are completely effaced; and the fretwork of the windows is in so crumbling a condition, that it appears as though the mere pressing a hand over it would remove it entirely. I hope the attention of all who are interested in the preservation of this fine national monument, architects, and particularly gentlemen versant in chemical combinations, will be directed to the subject of this premature decay in stonework."

To Correspondents.

"Σ."—Received.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

STOOPING of the SHOULDERS and CONTRACTION of the CHEST are entirely prevented, and gently and effectually removed in Youth, and Ladies and Gentlemen, by the occasional use of the IMPROVED ELASTIC CHEST EXPANDER, which is light, simple, easily applied, either above or beneath the dress, and worn without any uncomfortable constraint or impediment to exercise. To young persons especially it is highly beneficial, immediately producing an evident Improvement in the Figure, and tending greatly to prevent the incursion of Pulmonary Diseases; whilst to the Invalid, and those much engaged in sedentary pursuits, such as Reading or Studying, Working, Drawing, or Music, it is found to be invaluable, as it expands the Chest, and affords a great support to the back. It is made in Silk; and can be forwarded per post, by Mr. ALFRED BINYON, sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 40 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London; or full particulars, with Prices and Mode of Measurement, on receipt of a postage-stamp.

THE GREATEST SALE OF

ANY MEDICINE IN THE GLOBE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH CURED OF A LIVER AND STOMACH COMPLAINT.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st February, 1845.

SIR,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount; and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my Liver and Stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad! I wish to have another Box and a Pot of the Ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

To Prof. Holloway. (Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

These truly invaluable PILLS can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244 Strand (near Temple Bar), London; and of most respectable Vendors of Medicine throughout the civilised World, at the following prices—1*s.* 1½*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s* 6*d.*, 11*s.*, 22*s.*, and 33*s.*, each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

New Lithographic, Copperplate, and Woodcut Press.

MR BURNS begs respectfully to intimate that he has ESTABLISHED a PRESS for all kinds of LITHOGRAPHIC, COPPERPLATE, and WOODCUT PRINTING, and will be happy to undertake any Work, from the commonest to the finest, in these departments.

Mr. B. pledges himself that every thing entrusted to him shall be executed with the utmost care and in the most tasteful manner, as well as on the most reasonable terms. The style of Woodcut-Printing may be seen in his "Illustrated Catalogue," recently published, containing Forty beautiful Engravings, price 4s.

Mr. Burns takes this opportunity of stating that he has always on hand,—

A variety of Books in Catholic Theology and Devotion, as well as in General Literature.

An extensive and varied Collection of Juvenile Works.

A large stock of Sacred Prints for Families, Schools, &c., of all Sizes, Singly and in Sheets, Plain and Coloured.

The same, Mounted and Varnished, for hanging up, also in Frames of every description, Gilt, Antique, &c., a variety of which may be seen at Mr. Burns' Rooms.

A new Series of Illustrated Books, combining Amusement and Instruction, adapted for Popular Reading.

Complete Sets of the Stations, in several Sizes, suited for hanging up in Churches, Plain or Coloured.

The most approved Theological and Devotional Works, in French, Italian, German, Spanish, &c.

Breviaries and Missals in all Sizes and Bindings.

Catholic Ornaments, and Articles of Devotion, of all kinds.

*** Mr. Burns *having opened a Correspondence with the principal Continental houses, is enabled to execute all Foreign Orders with accuracy and despatch.*

17 Portman Street, Portman Square.

Works by Dr. Carpenter.

In post 8vo, price 6s. cloth lettered,

ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY; including a comprehensive Sketch of the principal Forms of Animal Structure.

By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S.

With several Hundred Engravings on Copper and Wood.

In 2 vols., post 8vo, price 12s. cloth lettered,

ZOOLOGY, and INSTINCT in ANIMALS; a Systematic View of the Structure, Habits, and Instincts, and Uses of the principal Families of the Animal Kingdom.

In post 8vo, price 6s. cloth lettered,

VEGETABLE PHILOSOPHY and BOTANY; including the Structure and Organs of Plants, their Characters, Uses, Geographical Distribution, and Classification, according to the Natural System of Botany.

In post 8vo, price 6s. cloth lettered,

MECHANICAL PHILOSOPHY, ASTRONOMY, and HOROLOGY; an Exposition of the Properties of Matter; a Description of the Heavenly Bodies; and the Construction of Instruments for the Measurement of Time.

London: W. S. Orr and Co., Amen Corner; and 147 Strand.

Just published, price 2s.

With the approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop Carruthers,

REASONS for EMBRACING the CATHOLIC FAITH.

By a CONVERT.

With an Appendix.

Edinburgh: James Marshall, 22 Leith Street. London: J. Burns; C. Dolman; and T. Jones.

In one volume, royal 8vo, price 18s. cloth binding; or full morocco, elegant, price 28s.

THE GALLERY OF NATURE; a Pictorial and Descriptive Tour through Creation, illustrative of the Wonders of Astronomy, Physical Geography, and Geology. By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A. With Sixteen Engravings on steel, and many Hundred Vignettes, and Diagrams on wood, engraved in the first style of art.

London: W. S. Orr and Co., Amen Corner; and 147 Strand.

Dedicated to his Excellency Mr. Brooke.

Now ready, in 8vo, with numerous Plates, 14s. bound,

SARAWAK: its INHABITANTS and PRODUCTIONS.

By HUGH LOW,

Colonial Secretary at Labuh-an.

"The most scientific, minute, informing, and complete work on Borneo."—*Spectator.*

"A work containing a vast amount of varied, interesting, and useful information."—*Morning Herald.*

"A manual of our knowledge respecting Borneo."—*Daily News.*

"No work on the same subject can pretend to equal fulness and accuracy of information."—*Athenæum.*

"The most complete account of Borneo."—*Britannia.*

"A valuable contribution to our knowledge of this now interesting kingdom."—*Rambler.*

Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.
(Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.)

FORD'S HOTEL for FAMILIES and GENTLEMEN, conveniently situated to all the West-end Catholic Churches and the Residences of the Foreign Ministers,

13, 14, 15 MANCHESTER STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON.

☞ Ici on parle Français.

This Hotel having been just enlarged by the addition of a new House, the Proprietor trusts that he will be enabled to give perfect satisfaction to all the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy, who may honour him with their patronage.

Catholic Poor-School Committee.

THE CATHOLIC POOR-SCHOOL COMMITTEE appointed by the CATHOLIC BISHOPS in ENGLAND and WALES for PROMOTING the EDUCATION of the POOR consists of the following Nominees of their respective Districts:—

London District.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, 11 Carlton Terrace.
The Hon. Edward Petre, 26 Wilton Crescent.
The Rev. James O'Neal, Grove Road, St. John's Wood.

Central District.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury, Alton Towers, Cheadle.
W. J. Amherst, Esq. 101 Chancery Lane, London.
The Rev. J. Sing, St. Mary's, Derby.

Western District.

The Hon. H. O. Stafford Jerningham, 69 Eaton Place, London.
C. R. Scott Murray, Esq., Danerfield, Great Marlow.
The Rev. J. Dalton, St. Felix, Northampton.

Western District.

The Hon. C. H. Clifford, Cannington, Bridgwater.
Edward Wild, Esq., Lulworth Castle, Wareham.
The Rev. W. J. Vaughan, Holy Apostles, Clifton, Bristol.

Yorkshire District.

The Hon. Charles Langdale, Houghton, Market Wrighton.
Sir Wm. Lawson, Bart., Brough, Catterick Bridge.
The Rev. Charles Pratt, Norfolk Row, Sheffield.

Northern District.

Edward Charlton, Esq., M.D., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
P. H. Howard, Esq. Corby, Carlisle.
The Very Rev. Wm. Hogarth, V. G., Darlington.

Lancashire District.

Thomas Weld Blundell, jun., Esq., Blundell, Liverpool.
Charles Towneley, Esq., Towneley, Burnley.
The Very Rev. T. Youens, D.D., St. Nicholas, Liverpool.

District of Wales.

Philip Jones, Esq., Llanarth Courth, Monmouth.
William Jones, Esq., Clytha, Monmouth.
The Very Rev. Thomas Burgess, V.G., St. Mary's, Monmouth.

Secretary.

Scott Nasmyth Stokes, Esq., 18 Nottingham Street, London.

The Committee desire by every practicable means to extend and improve the Education of the Catholic Poor; and they invite the active co-operation of all who are interested in the important works which the Bishops have committed to their care, and the urgency of which their Lordships have more recently enforced by a joint pastoral.

Among the objects contemplated by the Committee are the following: The establishment of a Training-School for Masters, with Model-School attached; the publication of educational Books; the extension of Vocal Music in Schools; the improvement of the Apparatus in general use; a Central Depository, where every thing requisite for Catholic Schools—such as Books, Pictures, Maps, Easels, Black-boards, &c.—may be procured on advantageous terms.

Catholic Schoolmasters wanting Situations may have their names registered in a book kept by the Secretary for that purpose. Masters should be careful to state where they have been employed, and what Salary they expect to receive. They should also give references, of which one at least should be to a Priest.

Promoters of Schools requiring masters will meet with assistance in their search.

The main object of the Committee, to which the above are subsidiary, is to raise Funds to enable them to assist in the erection of Schools and Masters' Houses in necessitous districts, as well as to render occasional help to those already erected; and, above all, to place Catholic Schools requiring aid in such a situation as shall entitle them to claim a fair proportion in the Parliamentary Grant for Education as soon as the House of Commons has recognised their right to participate therein.

Subscriptions and Donations will be received by any Member of the Committee, and by the Secretary; or they may be paid into the London Joint-Stock Bank, 69 Pall Mall, to the credit of the Catholic Poor-School Fund.

SCOTT NASMYTH STOKES, *Secretary.*

Printed by George Levey, of Number 4 De Crespigney Terrace, Denmark Hill, in the County of Surrey, Printer, Charles Robson, of Number 56 Liverpool Street, King's Cross, in the County of Middlesex, Printer, and Francis Burdett Franklyn, of Number 2 Claremont Square, Pentonville, in the County of Middlesex, Printer, at their Printing Office, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, in the Parish of Saint Bride, in the City of London; and published by James Burns, of Number 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, in the Parish of Saint Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, Publisher, on Saturday, February 26, 1848. Sold also by Jones, Paternoster Row; and by all Booksellers and News-agents.